

## 'I'll clean up,' said the handsome sheriff

By H. Dan O'Neill

Once upon a time there was a large and great university which sat on a bunch of lumpy hills covered with eucalyptus trees and foolish people.

The foolish people were for the most part professors and students . . . for somewhere along the line the professors had instilled the radical idea into the students' collective mind that it was good to learn something in college . . . And everyone knows that you only go to college to get grades.

One day the foolish students noticed that 70% of the world's population was composed of non-white people . . . and that the remaining 30% white people controlled 70% of the world's wealth . . . but what really was interesting was that the 70% non-white people were all carrying guns.

THE foolish students decided that this situation deserved a little study . . . so one of the experts on the (shudder) other philosophy was invited to speak because someone made the observation that it is much easier to fight an enemy if you can recognize him.

Immediately The Public started yelling: "We in the Free World refuse to let you speak because you're a dirty rat fink commie with warts on your elbows!"

The foolish students protested, "What's wrong with warts on your elbows? Doesn't a man have a right to have warts on his elbows? We just want to study his point of view . . . we won't catch

The San Francisco Chronicle has demoted H. Dan O'Neill, best known as the creator of the Odd Bodkins cartoon strip (see INSIDE, page 4).

his warts . . . Everyone knows that you only catch warts from frogs and toads and, although we're young and impressionable, we hardly ever play with frogs and toads anymore, except maybe during summer vacation on our own time . . ."

HOWEVER, rational argument did nothing to further the Free Speech Movement . . . and it didn't help when someone wrote a word on a poster that everyone says but never writes on posters. Immediately The Public hollered, "Filthy Speech Movement! Why

are we paying taxes? Are we paying taxes so these kids can learn filthy words at college that they should have learned at home?"

Out of the South rode the Handsome Sheriff.

"Hello, The Public," said the Handsome Sheriff. "I'll clean up



## Lynch—liberals are beginning to wonder

### IS ATTORNEY GENERAL STILL A DEMOCRAT?

California Democrats, still bleeding from November's wounds, began to wonder this week about their only statewide office holder, Atty. Gen. Thomas C. Lynch.

Many, particularly in the party's liberal wing, are looking at Lynch in much the same way Goldwater-Reagan Republicans look at another Tom, U.S. Sen. Thomas Kuchel.

In the general program which

swept the Democrats out of office, only Lynch survived. In fact, he actually won by an overwhelming margin over his little-known competitor, Spencer M. Williams, then county counsel of Santa Clara County, now administrator of the state's health and welfare agency.

IF OTHER Democrats lost because of public boredom with their eight years in office, pub-

lic opposition to the Rumford Fair Housing Act and public concern with crimes in the streets, Lynch won because he'd only been in office a short time (appointed in 1964 to succeed Stanley Mosk), because he had little public connection with fair housing and because he, too, showed shrewd concern with crime and pledged to do something about it.

In addition, Lynch and his advisors made a politically wise, if morally questionable, decision early in the 1966 campaign: the attorney general would run a campaign as independent as possible from the governor's race without embarrassing Lynch's good friend and political patron, Pat Brown.

Party liberals were dismayed at Lynch's apparent lack of concern with Brown's critical need for help, but they found post-November solace in Lynch's own victory. Much as newspaper publishers take the philosophical position that a paper's first obligation is to stay in business (that is, make a profit), political practitioners believe a candidate's primary responsibility is to win.

TODAY, just three months after Lynch's victory, liberals are beginning to wonder. In several specific areas, the attorney general and his staff have acted in ways seemingly inconsistent with contemporary party viewpoints:

Regarding the Save-the-bay movement, Lynch's staff has shown great reluctance to come to grips with the Leslie Salt Co., and others, where very real questions of their legal rights to occupy tideland and marsh property have been raised. Conservationists and their attorneys, to whom the law seems quite clear, can't quite understand why the attorney general's office is avoiding a fight with companies wishing to turn their questionable land holdings into flourishing housing subdivisions and glittering tourist attractions.

Regarding abortion, Lynch's staff has proceeded with the prosecution of two San Francisco

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## Marijuana—a dramatic switch on the way?

In exposing last week many official and private myths about marijuana and drug users, University of California researchers are likely to boost a growing movement in the state to legalize the use of marijuana.

This body of opinion is not confined to hippies of the Haight-Ashbury Telegraph Ave. scene, but has spread gradually to officials of public and private agencies concerned with the welfare of young people.

THEIR problem: Marijuana use is increasing fantastically, as the UC School of Criminology report and arrest statistics show, and penalties have become tougher.

As a result, the otherwise-respectable youngster who follows his friends in taking to marijuana, faces, if caught, perhaps several years in jail, exposure to the criminal world of heroin and hustlers and a stigma that destroys his career chances.

The report makes clear that use of marijuana, LSD and other dangerous drugs is spreading sig-

nificantly to upper and middle-class youngsters.

Thus, many influential men with young sons are coming round to the belief that the state's approach to the narcotics problem—toughening penalties—is wrong.

DESPITE legislative moves to stiffen penalties in 1961, 1962 and 1965, the California Bureau of Criminal Statistics reports that there is a trend in courts toward regarding non-heroin drug offenses, and marijuana in particular, as less serious each year.

The proportion convicted is de-

creasing and the proportions receiving more lenient kinds of sentences are increasing, says the bureau.

And the bureau reports that, in the past five years, there has been a dramatic shift in drug use. Arrests for heroin use have dropped off to insignificant level for juveniles, with marijuana arrests increasing to become by far the most common.

In fact, says the UC report, very few adolescents under 18 were found to be addicted to heroin.

Roger Smith, 29-year-old direc-

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## The World of DRUGS

Drug use is increasing fantastically, reports a UC task force that spent 18 months probing among youthful drug users in Oakland.

Their startling report comes as Bay area police began an intensive campaign, starting in the East Bay, to crack down on youthful users.

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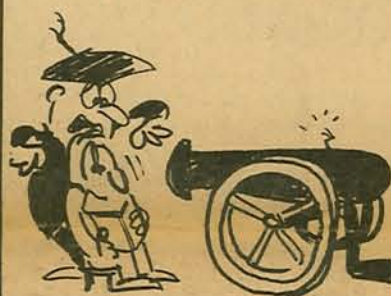
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the trouble in River City, because I am against sin which started back in the garden of Eden at the Tree of Knowledge." The Handsome Sheriff meant it, too. First, he grabbed 10% of the funds necessary to run the university . . . but he said that it wouldn't hurt them too much, and, besides, the campus would look so picturesque all lit up at night by 27,000 students studying by candlelight.

And, of course, the president of the university had to lose his job, because changing door plaques is one of the most fun games in politics.

AND THE Public said, "Good for you, Handsome Sheriff!" The Handsome Sheriff was very proud. "Thank you, The Public." The Public said, "Notice, Handsome Sheriff, that none of those foolish students and professors are out marching around with their protest signs."

"Yes," said the Handsome Sheriff, "Didn't we show those dirty rat fink commie sympathizers . . . Boy and Gosh!"

Everyone felt wonderful in the state, because the unrest in the lumpy hills was finally rested

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## Beginning a fascinating Bay Guardian series

So much rubbish about drugs and drug users has been published in newspapers and put out by officialdom that The Guardian believes it is time to take a rational, objective and authoritative look at the whole problem.

Arrest statistics, which barely scratch the surface, show that drug use is mounting fantastically. The questions: Is the state's punitive approach to toughen penalties right and is it humane?

Before these questions can be answered, The Guardian believes, a thorough knowledge of the illegal drug world must be obtained and made public in an objective manner.

Accordingly, The Guardian welcomes a significant and timely report from a task force of dedicated researchers at the University of California's School of Criminology. It has spent 18 months gaining the trust, respect and confidence of Oakland's youthful drug users as no policeman, welfare worker, probation officer or reporter ever could.

In this, and subsequent articles in a Guardian series, we are indebted to their patient work and for their often startling conclusions.

## How UC researchers became 'right guys'

Oakland's Add (Addict) Center, subject of the UC School of Criminology report to the President's Committee on Delinquency and Youth Crime, was set up 18 months ago by federal grants.

Its declared aim, now frankly admitted to be unsuccessful, was to develop abstinence among drug users, both juvenile and adult. Its report on adult drug users will be published later.

The project's first home was the Wesley Center, 8th Ave. and East 17th St. It was later switched to the Fruitvale United Church of Christ.

**THE PROJECT** concentrated on the "flatlands," an area of Oakland occupied mainly by low-

er-class minority groups, chiefly Negroes and Mexicans, and a known center of drug use.

Youths were attracted to the center partly by recreational facilities (basketball, gymnasium, pool table and boxing) and partly out of curiosity.

The method the project hoped to use was, in the words of the report, "to form a core of youth-

ful drug users, enjoying prestige and respect among their peers."

These key young drug users would, it was planned, use their influence to stop other teenagers from using drugs.

**SOME 200** young people, ranging in age from seven to 25, were recruited. Of these, 40 got concentrated attention.

Heading the youth project was Roger Smith, a 29-year-old doctor of criminology candidate who was experienced in youth center work. Under him was a staff of four university graduates, two UC students and some 20 teenagers from the Neighborhood Youth Corps, recruited mainly to seek out drug users.

Dr. Herbert Blumer, 66-year-old UC professor of sociology and criminology was in overall charge of the Add Center.

The toughest task of Smith's workers was to become "as cool" as the youngsters, then demonstrate a "superior coolness."

"**FIRST** we had to learn their language to be accepted and then show them we knew a lot more about drugs and hustling than they did," Smith told The Guardian last week.

"Our staff members were regarded as easy prey at first," notes the report. "It was necessary to make painfully clear that staff members were not police spies or informers."

Said Smith: "We visited homes, parties and dances, and shared their experiences and tragedies—one of our kids was shot and killed by a policeman two weeks before the Oakland riot."

"**WE WERE** able to get close to them in a way that most social workers, probation officers and teachers cannot," he added.

As a result, says the report, staff members came to be regarded as "right guys," rather than "squares who came from an outside world of naive and smug people."

## the world of



## drugs

The UC report, dispatched to Washington last week, states: "We believe that we have penetrated more deeply and fully into an analysis of the world of youthful drug use than is true of any published accounts."

It explodes many myths that swirl about the drug users—that marijuana use inevitably leads to heroin, it is an escape from reality, it is a pathological phenomenon, it leads to violence, it is harmful and it is only confined to a wild fringe.

In fact, the report notes, drug use "constitutes for the users a natural way of life."

Drug users are just not interested in giving up drugs, researchers found. As a result, researchers got nowhere in their discussions. Says the report:

"From their own experiences and observations, they could refute the declaration that the use of harmful drugs usually led to personal or health deterioration."

"They viewed with contempt the use of opiates and rejected with evidence the claim that the use of harmful drugs led naturally to opiate use."

"They pointed out that the break-up of home life, with which many of them were very familiar, was due to other factors than the use of drugs."

"They were able to show the limitation of their career opportunities came from other conditions other than the use of drugs."

"They met the fear of

arrest by developing greater skill and precautions against detection."

"In fact," continued the report, "they believed, that drug use resulted in harmless pleasure, increased conviviality, did not lead to violence, could be regulated, did not lead to addiction, and was much less harmful than the use of alcohol, which is socially and openly sanctioned in our society."

The world of youthful drug

## The 'rowdy dude' -violence shuts him out of drug market

use, the report says, is divided into two broad operating styles—the "rowdy" style and the "cool" style.

Different major types of drug users emerge within these styles. And each type involves different patterns of drug use, a different position in the drug using world, a different way of viewing drugs and their use and a different orientation toward society.

The four major types: the rowdy, the pot head, the mellow dude and the player.

**THE ROWDY DUDES** represent only a minor portion of drug users. The rowdy type, says the report, represents the first stage of childhood drug use.

He is usually to be found among the lower class, although he occasionally appears among adolescents in the upper social strata.

The rowdy tends to become a segregated group in the drug using world, and often orients the individual toward a career of criminal violence.

In general, continues the report, the rowdy dude may be characterized as aggressive, boisterous, wild and undisciplined.

He seizes on any drug, but prefers alcohol, and is ready to engage in the more serious and violent forms of delinquent behavior.

His tone of life is set by a primitive struggle for survival, and the report quotes a youngster:

"... I was a rough little dude when I was coming up 'cause we had to be to survive. You couldn't even walk from your house to the store without being chased back home by a gang of some sort."

These children are accustomed to seeing violent quarrels and fighting in their neighborhoods:

"... On weekends it would get so bad down there in West Oakland that police didn't want to mix in nothing. Even girls ran around knocking out dudes with their fists..." "Used to be rough down there. Cats shooting up them

crystals (methedrine) and I used to sit around in the house hearing them say I'm gonna kill that dude..."

The report says there seems to be no question that the patterns of drinking and aggressive behavior become a significant part of the way of life of these children:

"Everybody was mess-ups, all the kids in West Oakland. When I was small... all the thought on my mind was just rule the school, man, rule the school. When I get in the sixth grade I'm gonna rule the school, man, and that was my highest desire. I didn't care about anybody, and that's what I did. I ruled the school. I thought that was the greatest in the world. As far as we were concerned, we were the baddest in the school and I thought that I was boss..."

From among these children, the report continues, emerge trouble-makers who try to "act big" and to be recognized as "bad" youngsters. In this group appear the earliest forms of drug users.

The most common and favor-

ite form is alcohol—mostly wine and beer. However, the rowdy child begins to use a variety of toxic substances, such as sniffing glue, gasoline and lighter fluid. There are sporadic incidents of marijuana smoking when youngsters can pilfer "joints" from older brothers or sisters, but such use is rare.

The report points out that petty stealing, robbery, vandalism and physical assaults with weapons are already a part of the rowdy child's life.

It is important to observe that in this case the use of liquor and

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Continued from Page 2—

drugs is already beginning to be woven into a larger pattern of delinquent proclivities.

"It would be a gross mistake to attribute this delinquent behavior to the use of liquor and drugs. . . ."

The rowdy type is shunned and set apart by his childhood associates. Despite an environment of violence, says the report, most children of the lower classes do not fall into a rowdy pattern, nor do they use toxic substances.

The majority of such children, either out of disapproval or fear, steer away from the "rowdies." Thus rowdy youngsters are led to form their own groups.

IN EARLY adolescence, children from the middle and upper social strata are milder in their rowdiness because they do not have a background of such behavior.

Also, their use of drugs, aside from alcohol, is less common than in the case of the rowdy

Narcotics, as defined by the state, divide easily into those drugs that lead to addiction, such as opiates like heroin and morphine, and those that do not, such as marijuana and dangerous or harmful, but non-addicting drugs.

These latter dangerous drugs comprise the amphetamines (stimulants), barbiturates (sleeping pills, sedatives and tranquilizers), crystal (methadone) and model airplane glue which is sniffed.

LSD, which has leaped in popularity in recent years mainly among upper class youth, is in a class of its own.

Marijuana is the most popular drug among both lower and upper class adolescents, while heroin is generally regarded with disdain, says the UC report.

continues the report, the character of rowdy activities among lower strata youth undergoes a change. It moves away from a spirit of sporadic play to a more serious and sustained style of life.

Fighting becomes a more regular and, indeed, sought-after activity. Drinking liquor increases and an interest in sex emerges.

At this point, the rowdy youths are ready to use a wide variety of drugs. Although alcohol, especially wine, is the favored and most consumed toxicant, almost anything other than heroin is likely to be used; sniffing of glue, gasoline and lighter fluid are fairly common.

THE USE of barbiturates and amphetamines begins to develop, and the smoking of marijuana. If no drugs are available, the rowdy youngsters—or at least some of them—seek out all sorts of substitutes, such as using nutmeg or crushed aspirin in cokes, sniffing the vapors of burned plastic combs, consuming the cot-

# The 'pot head' - neat, sensible, calm, confident and personable

ton inserts from Vicks and Valo inhalers, smoking tea, injecting wine intravenously, "dropping" amphetamines, barbiturates and hypnotic compounds, sniffing paint thinner.

THE ONLY exception to this, says the report, is heroin, which is practically unavailable anyway and which, interestingly, is viewed with contempt and fear even by early adolescent rowdies.

Early adolescent rowdies are largely excluded from getting close to the "drug market."

"At first glance this may seem odd, if not contradictory, but it is definitely true," observes the report.

THE ROWDY, because of his reckless and irresponsible behavior, is far too great a risk to those who deal or sell in this market, and to most of those who consume drugs. Dealers and users would unnecessarily expose themselves to arrest by trafficking with the rowdy type.

The rowdy type is a special target for police action and thus is definitely headed toward a criminal career.

However, he may become a "cool rowdy," continuing his way of life but becoming cautious and avoiding public display, or become a genuinely "cool dude."

This may come about by being directed toward the "cool" drug using group by older brothers and associates, forming an attachment to a "righteous" girl, coming to realize that they are being shunned and looked down on because of their rowdiness, and managing, as in the case of an athlete, to fall in with a non-rowdy crowd.

The report points out that, because the rowdy type is most likely to cause trouble for the police and the community, the police and public are most likely to get their picture of youthful drug use from him.

HOWEVER, the report stresses, the rowdy's style of life and his use of drugs is quite different from that of the greater majority of drug users.

These are the "cool sets," as distinct from the larger numbers of conventional adolescents usually referred to as "lame."

A NEGRO youngster who sees his older brother driving a new car and wearing sharp clothes may run up to his friend and say: "Say, man. What you gonna buy to wear to school next year?" "Oh, man, I'm gonna get me some Levis and big stomping boots, man." "Levis!"

He thinks to himself: "I'm gonna be cooler than this cat. I'm gonna get me some slacks, some sweaters."

"... Every time I walked down the street I felt like every cop was eyeing me just because I looked rowdy. . . . I don't want trouble and you've been in a lotta trouble so you say cool it. That's if you got any sense. . . ."

Another common way for a youth to cultivate a cool style of living is to experience humiliation by a girl friend who "ranks" him for being rowdy. An older girl and even an older sister may teach him how to "be sharp."

SIMILARLY, a "rowdy chick" will experience considerable pressure to "lighten up" if she wants to keep a cool boy friend.

The report emphasizes that passage from the rowdy type to

a cool and mellow youngster involves chiefly a shift to the smoking of marijuana.

Youngsters, according to the report, place great weight on the "socializing" effects of marijuana use, declaring that its use not only leads youngsters away from violence but has the effect of changing them into sociable human beings.

The pot head or weed head is a youngster committed essentially to the sole use of marijuana, as against the mellow dude who not only smokes marijuana but uses other drugs.

The pot head makes a point

Widespread use of marijuana among poorer classes, claims UC researcher Roger Smith, is the reason there are not more race riots.

"Many people associate drug use with violence, but it simply isn't true," he says. "Marijuana leads to a de-emphasis of aggression."

of keeping in close touch with what is going on in the adolescent world, whereas the mellow dude is more interested in sociability and personal enjoyment.

The pot head also participates more directly in the drug market, getting or "scoring" his own drugs, and sometimes even dealing on a small-time basis for a "connection" who handles larger quantities.

Thus, the pot head occupies a status of being "ultra-cool."

THE AVERAGE weed head among Oakland youth is respect-

ed by other adolescents from different social backgrounds. He projects an image of a calm, sensible, solitary figure; soft-spoken and personable.

He takes great pride in his appearance, always wearing sharp slacks and sweaters, spit-shined shoes and a neat, inconspicuous hair style.

Many girls admire him. He has a colorful vocabulary of drug argot, combined with slight hand gestures and facial expressions which make him appear loose, good-natured and self-confident.

When strolling down the street, his eyes continually dart about. His sensitivity to police is remarkable.

ALTHOUGH lodged in areas where violence may readily occur, he will resort to violence

only if "pushed" or "sounded on" to the point where he must defend his self-respect.

He takes part in conventional activities, keeping up in his studies, sharing in school functions, perhaps engaging in athletics and working in conventional forms of employment.

In the upper social strata, the pot head takes on a different form, fitting into what the youngsters refer to as the "teeny bopper" style.

LSD is the drug of increasing popularity and there is a strained and self-conscious attempt to be "real," tolerant of differences, spontaneous and above all "hip."

The "teeny bopper" style re-

—Continued on Page 6



children from the lower strata—consisting of isolated instances of glue sniffing, marijuana smoking and an unusual amount of pill use:

"... People up there at Skyline, they've got their cars, lighted streets, don't have to protect themselves and don't have the senses as people down here. . . . People up there they always got to do something like play little pranks, put a tack on the teacher's chair, or who can we make fun of today. Like babies on the average. . . . Yeah they drink and some of 'em are, you know really rowdy, but they don't go out getting busted and robbing and stuff."

During early adolescence, con-

## Marijuana switch?

Continued from Page 1 —

tor of the youth project, reveals the reason: "Kids using marijuana, LSD and dangerous drugs say heroin users have 'blown their cool.' They think they are fools."

DESPITE this shift from addicting drugs among teenagers (which suggests they are probably more sensible than adults give them credit for), the imagery surrounding the narcotic addict has gone through a dramatic change.

As Smith, writing in the last issue of UC's "Issues in Criminology" points out:

"We have moved, in less than 100 years, from a policy of medical treatment for the addict, a helpless victim, to a punitive policy on a national scale dealing with the addict, the willful indulgent, criminal and degenerate. "On the face of it, one might assume that with expanding scientific knowledge regarding addiction we have concluded that addiction is not a disease and, therefore, subject to medical treatment, but, rather, a criminal menace to our society."

The problem is, Smith told The Guardian last week, "you can't talk to people about drugs without them getting completely irrational."

FOR EXAMPLE, noted Smith in "Issues in Criminology," the

widespread use of LSD as reported in the press has created a near hysteria among legislators pressing for restrictive legislation with severe legal sanctions.

Such legislation, said Smith, precedes an understanding of the nature of the drug itself and immediately places some into a criminal category because of its use.

Certainly, no responsible social scientist would advocate the return to unrestricted sale and use of drugs as was the case in the U. S. before 1906, says Smith.

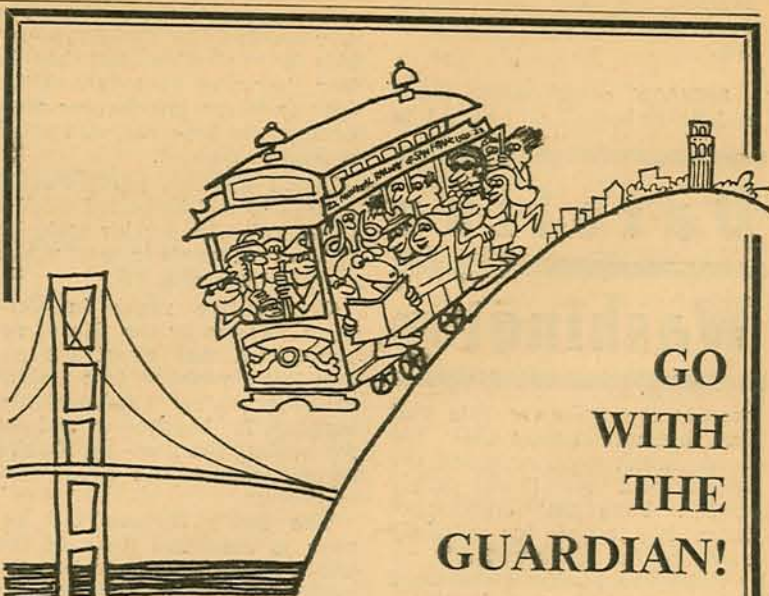
The plight of the addict today, however, suggests that future legislation should be created on the basis of knowledge of the drug, the addiction problem, methods of treatment and a humane concern for the addict.

On marijuana, Smith is not ready to say that marijuana use should be legalized.

"I THINK that would be an irresponsible thing to say, but I feel the drug laws are extremely punitive," he said.

"I think there should be a rational study of non-addictive drugs. To say that marijuana automatically leads to opiate use is nonsense."

Thus, it seems clear that while it will be many years, if ever, before marijuana use assumes the same position in social habits as smoking and alcohol have—many believe it is less harmful—in the near future there could be a dramatic trend toward reversing stiffer penalties.



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# Reagan's blunder ---- legislators don't like swallowing their pride

By our political  
correspondent

SACRAMENTO—Gov. Reagan's sparring match with the University of California, the state colleges and the Legislature produced a lively show for the crowd, good copy for the papers and a tough image for the new administration.

But his first round—festoored with budget cuts, tuition and the dismissal of UC President Clark Kerr—contained one critical blunder: The new governor hurt the pride of experienced legislators.

THAT ALONE could cost Reagan his cherished bookkeeper's dream. Many Californians hope, for nobler reasons, that Reagan will fail in his attempt to impose an austerity program on the state. They point to California's economic growth, the possibility of raising a moderate state income tax and the vision of free, quality education. But it is more

## DATELINE SACRAMENTO

practical political considerations that will influence what, how and how far Reagan can push his programs.

His pivotal role in firing Kerr, his accusation that the former administration and legislature "looted" the state's treasury and the abrasive manner he presented the budget—all have steamed and lathered the senators and assemblymen.

MOST Democrats and many Republicans uneasy with Reagan from the outset still go through the public ritual of having an "open mind" on Reagan's style. But in private, the talk quickly gets down to the job of taking

Reagan to the mat and keeping him there until he is more politically tractable.

The Legislature has long been proud of its prerogatives and, when it felt former Gov. Brown was poaching on its hallowed preserves, Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh, a fellow Democrat, put his foot down hard.

If Reagan stubs his toe on a few recalcitrant Republicans, he'll get the same treatment that Brown often did from Democratic legislative principals.

THE LEGISLATURE had no more right than the governor to influence Kerr's downfall. But power-jealous lawmakers don't like the spectacle of someone else carrying the sword from Sacramento to Berkeley.

Republican Assemblyman Don Mulford whose district includes the Cal campus, was happy about it. He is among the visionaries who see the university's purpose as getting money from the Legislature to train insurance salesmen, bank executives and other sound citizens. If Mulford was satisfied, others in his party weren't. They feel Reagan pushed his friendly image too far.

Reagan may have sensed this belatedly. After the regents' meeting, the governor said in Los Angeles that he didn't vote. Later, Reagan's Sacramento office issued a statement implying that Reagan did vote — after the 14-8 count showed Reagan's name, in the majority.

THERE'S no question that Reagan's influence carried the day. Without Reagan, Lt. Gov. Robert Finch and Alan Grant, the governor's appointee on the State Agriculture Board, there would have been only 11 votes to oust Kerr — two short of the required 13.

Ten days later, Reagan appeared on television to inform Californians that the state's dire financial position was a result of "looting." This so enraged Unruh and powerful Senate Democrat George Miller that they called Reagan's bluff and demanded an attorney general's investigation. Legislators enjoy their daily expense accounts and lobbyists' parties, but outright looting is unusual even in Sacramento.

The final blow fell with the budget, Reagan's tuition scheme and the promise that all figures would balance by April with a new tax program. Legislators coldly reminded Reagan that the budget and taxes were their business.

Republican Sen. Jack McCarthy of Marin County said tuition would bring dreadful consequences.

Because Democrats hold only slim majorities in both houses, Reagan's legislative program hinges on Republicans like McCarthy. Republicans not only must themselves be persuaded, they must be persuaded to persuade others.

It is not the die-hards like Mulford, but McCarthy and a few other moderate Republicans who hold the balance of power for Reagan's programs. When it comes to pride, those men don't swallow easily.

Somewhere along the line, perhaps, Republicans may generate viable alternatives to the Great Society and to U.S. foreign policy. Or Democrats, still chastened by last November's beating at the polls, may have regained enough confidence to push LBJ's programs on the track.

But in no event will this Congress rank in achievement with its predecessor.

## INSIDE

BRIEFS  
FROM HERE  
AND  
THERE

"Tell us, sir, how will you prevent World War III if elected?" the reporter asked. "Very simple," replied an impish little creature, part egg head, part flat feet, who is known throughout ChronicleLand as Odd Bodkins.

"First, I'll collect all the people who don't believe in peace . . ."

"Yes, yes, go on."  
". . . and kill them."

In The Guardian's second edition, the Chronicle's syndicated cartoonist, Dan O'Neill, recounted the difficulties of syndicating a liberal political cartoon strip during the Goldwater fever of 1964.

The day after the above strip was scheduled to appear, O'Neill wrote, the Los Angeles Times backed Goldwater editorially. His strip was dropped.

Smaller papers followed suit, as they usually do when big ones balk, and O'Neill's billings plummeted from \$300 a week to \$179 a month and his papers from 45 to 12.

A few days ago, at the peak of the Kerr/Reagan hurly-burly at the University of California, O'Neill was quietly dropped as a daily cartoonist on orders of Charles de Young Theriot, Chronicle publisher. The reason, as it filtered down to the city room and to O'Neill in Norman, Okla., was that he was "too radical."

Theriot never had liked O'Neill's primitive drawings and piquantly liberal comments and it had long been a fight for O'Neill and his editors to keep him on the Chronicle's cartoon page. The two never had met; often, when Theriot drifted into the newsroom when O'Neill was about, the cartoonist would be popped out of sight.

The news of his demotion was phoned to O'Neill by his Chronicle editor only days after he had been forced, because of dwindling finances, to move his wife and two children from Stinson Beach to Norman to live with his parents. O'Neill, now 24, had entered the School of Journalism at the University of Oklahoma, at Norman, to pick up his college career where he ended it, three years before, at San Francisco State College when he became a Chronicle property at 21.

To make up the differential between his syndicate earnings of \$200 or so a month and what his family needed to live, O'Neill had worked two nights a week as a banjo player at the Red Garter in North Beach. Friends could expect late night calls, during intermission, from the cabaret's wall phone.

There are two notices in the Chronicle city room. One demands the return of O'Neill and is signed by about 20 staff members. The other says O'Neill hasn't written anything funny since the Chronicle started running him. It has one signature.

The Chronicle still runs a lone Odd Bodkins strip (buried each Sunday in the This World section of the Sunday Examiner-Chronicle).

There has been no public notice that Odd Bodkins was dropped (as "Apartment 3-G" got, so successfully, from Herb Caen), and that it was done on political whim of the publisher. But so many hundreds of calls and letters have deluged the Chronicle (coupled with pressure from the editorial staff, including executive editor Scott Newhall) that the strip will be returned.

The remaining problem: how to do it gracefully without jettisoning Odd Bodkins' replacement, "Patrick."

This is no time for epitaphs, but the only one suitable for Odd Bodkins was written years ago by Don Marquis for himself: "There he stands at the gates of heaven/drunk but unafraid."

From the beginning, there has been friction between philanthropist Avery Brundage and the trustees at the de Young museum in San Francisco. Brundage, as difficult as he is pugnacious, expansively envisioned the de Young as a museum of Oriental art built around his Oriental collection.

The trustees, crusty society sorts who seldom stay awake at meetings, had no idea what Brundage wanted. Things came quickly to a head when Brundage ram-paged about a 19th century scroll, valued at \$1200, that was stolen from his collection. The reason for the theft, it is admitted, is because the museum is insufficiently guarded; Los Angeles County's museum, for example, has twice as many guards in the same space as de Young.

The reason for security problems is that the museum is perpetually without funds. It has virtually no endowment (with about only \$50,000 in the de Young foundation) and it is financed solely by operating funds from the city—\$700,000 per year—hardly adequate to cover costs. (Cleveland's museum, of the same size in a city the size of San Francisco, has an endowment of \$60 million.)

Trustees should raise an endowment, but they have so far shown little interest in doing so. Some feel Brundage ought to pull out his collection—the half the city owns would be ample to fill the display area and, as one official put it, "we'd be rid of him for good."

The buck has passed to city hall where, the word is, Mayor Shelley may be coming up with a scapegoat—probably someone on the museum staff.

Rumors swirling through Bay area psychedelic outposts have it that the pot and acid arrests in Oakland foreshadow much bigger crackdowns in the next few weeks. One fraternity at the University of California has been searched and several quiet arrests made—quiet, because of the social and political prominence of some parents. Other Cal fraternities have been warned, unofficially, to "hide their stash."

## So it's to be a go-slow, don't-rock-the-boat Congress

By our correspondent

WASHINGTON — Congress has convened in an intractable mood, ready to do battle with LBJ on a broad front. No longer will congressmen come running with a flood of votes whenever Johnson beckons.

The day of the consensus, at least on Capitol Hill, is truly over.

Representative of the new spirit, Congress is dawdling along at a pace that must infuriate the impatient Texan. After four weeks of the new session, only two measures of real importance even have reached the floor. One has already died, the other is foundering.

SENATE conservatives killed a Johnson-backed attempt to

ly in the aftermath of the Powell case.

Congress' handling of the Powell problem has set the tone for the session. Quick to condemn their colleague, congressmen now face a dilemma over how to proceed against the arrogantly errant Harlemitte.

IF THEY boot Powell out of his seat, he'll most certainly be back as soon as a special election can be held in Harlem. In the meantime, he'll have added stature to his martyrdom.

All contrary reports notwithstanding, few congressmen worry that Negro reaction to their votes against Powell will be a decisive factor against future bids for re-election. But they do fear they may have opened the door to future interference with Congress by depriving an elected official of his seat.

That's why it's likely Powell eventually will be seated despite anguished cries for his scalp by white constituents in most urban congressional districts.

Conservative ranks in Congress, swollen by the tide of retrenchment that swept the nation last November, face a similar predicament: They've won a mandate for change—or at least for holding the line—but they're divided and unsure about how to proceed.

The GOP's Dirksen-Ford answer to Johnson's State of the Union message amounted to the same tired tirade—full of nifty slogans but lacking in fresh approaches—that has characterized the Republican stance here seemingly for eternities.

VOICES of newly elected moderates, like Brooke of Massachusetts and Percy of Illinois, were nowhere evident in the Ev and Jerry vaudeville show.

The Republican response to Johnson's mammoth budget, with its call for huge Vietnam expenditures, has been simply to demand cuts in domestic spending and to make a half-hearted attempt to block administration attempts to raise the national debt ceiling. This is neither a fresh approach nor a move that in the long run will win many converts to the party.

On the basis of its opening weeks, then, the 90th Congress seems destined to remain a go-slow, don't-rock-the-boat affair.

## Dateline Washington

modify the filibuster rule that long has served them well. The issue wasn't even accorded the dignity of a vote—it was simply tabled. Thus the Senate once more has opted for minority rule.

Later Senate attempts to stack the appropriations committee—aimed at providing more muscle to push Johnson's "great society" programs—also was put to the sword. The 63-21 vote against the proposal by Pennsylvania's Joe Clark showed that the coalition of Southern Democrats and Republicans, disclaimed by both, already has jelled into a powerful machine.

Clark offered his proposal as an amendment to a congressional reorganization bill by Sen. Mike Monroney. A long-overdue effort to streamline procedures, it now seems likely to be buried beneath attempts by liberals to make it bear the weight of new conflict of interest provisions—a subject most congressmen would prefer to avoid, especial-



# 'TOPPLE CAL' THREAT

(This special report is written by a person so close to the politics of power at the University of California that he cannot be identified. He will write regularly on education for The Guardian.)

Amidst the tumult and the shouting, and the firing of a president and the squeezing of the budget at the University of California, there is perhaps the most dangerous threat of all: a conservative political movement, not so carefully camouflaged any more, that is working purposely to topple Cal from its academic pedestal.

It isn't written about in California, but no less an authority than the New York Times, in articles by its education writer, Fred Hechinger, and its associate editor, James Reston, have commented upon a concerted attempt by a loose coalition of conservative Democrats and Republicans to undermine the status of the greatest state university in the land.

NO STATE, tax-supported institution, so the reasoning goes, should enjoy prestige and status as does the University of California, particularly at the expense of private schools. UC gets the brightest students, the biggest government grants, the best professors, the greatest chunks of publicity. It has too much stature, too much prestige, too much of everything and it all rankles—in the south where UCLA eclipses the University of Southern California and in the north where Cal eclipses Stanford University.

"In a recent conversation," Hechinger said, "Gov. Reagan is reported to have complained that the University of California was engaging in unfair competition with private higher education."

"He felt the state university skimmed off too many top students."

(THE TIMES is particularly sensitive to assaults from this flank because of the successful attack on the state university in 1948 in New York. Proponents of private education then induced the Legislature to limit the new state university to supplementing private colleges. The result: a third rate institution was created that couldn't begin to blossom into a high quality university system until Gov. Rockefeller removed the restrictions.

Another report is that one of Reagan's closest advisers once offered Cal a huge

*Behind the tumult,  
Kerr chose to fight  
for university's  
prestige and right  
to be best  
--so he had to go*

contribution to establish an anti-Communist institute. The regents turned it down because of the political strings attached. The donor has never forgotten.

COUPLE all of this with a brace of powerful, ultra-conservative regents of anti-university—yes, it can be shown by what they say and what they don't say, anti-university—sentiment and it is obvious that Cal's problems are more critical than they seem.

These regents would probably be the last to admit bias against the institution they are charged with serving, but they stand always at the ready to exploit whatever troubles arise. Mario Savio, to this small but influential fraction, is always more important than the gravest policy matters.

REAGAN trimmed the 1967-68 spending program from \$278 to \$196 million and told the regents to use reserves and all special funds plus tuition revenue to make up the \$41.5 million or so of the difference. In short: educate 97,500 students with \$237 million—about \$3 million less than needed for 87,000.

The belief grows that many conservative politicians—the Yorty-Burns Democrats, the Schrade, Britschgi, Mullford, Reagan Republicans—see votes in attacking higher education: the public is fed up with colleges as untouchables among the tax-eaters and harborers of dangerous influences.

The real villain, however, will be the university. Reagan seized on Berkeley early in the campaign, found he could score with it and never let go. After

KERR was aware of swirling undercurrents of dissatisfaction over being "too good" and costing "too much money." But he was proud of standing at the head of a university with the most Nobel Laureates, the most members of the National Academy of Sciences, top ratings from this academic group and that council.

Kerr chose to do battle—a most unusual stance for this quiet mediator. So he had to go—and quickly. There were other reasons, of course, but Kerr still had to go because he at last had chosen to fight on the most critical terrain of all—the quality and integrity of his university.

## Then as Now; or Vice Versa

A MEMORIAL ODE  
TO GEN LEWIS B. HERSHEY *et al.*

*Arms, through the vanity and brainless rage  
Of those that bear them, in whatever cause,  
Seem most at variance with all moral good,  
And incompatible with serious thought.  
The clown, the child of nature, without guile,  
Blest with an infant's ignorance of all  
Is balloted, and trembles at the news;  
That instant he becomes the sergeant's care,  
His pupil, and his torment, and his jest.  
His awkward gait, his introverted toes,  
Bent knees, round shoulders, and dejected looks,  
Procure him many a curse. By slow degrees,  
Unapt to learn, and form'd of stubborn stuff,  
He yet by slow degrees puts off himself,  
He stands erect; his slouch becomes a walk;  
He steps right onward, martial in his air,  
His hat, or his plum'd helmet, with a grace;  
And, his three years of heroship expir'd,  
Returns indignant to the slighted plough.  
He hates the field in which no fife or drum  
Attends him, drives his cattle to a march,  
And sighs for the smart comrades he has left.  
'T were well if his exterior change were all,  
But with his clumsy port the wretch has lost  
His ignorance and harmless manners too.  
To swear, to game, to drink; to show at home  
By lewdness, idleness, and sabbath-breach,  
The great proficiency he made abroad;  
To astonish and to grieve his gazing friends;  
To break some maiden's and his mother's heart;  
To be a pest where he was useful once;  
Are his sole aim, and all his glory now.*

—William Cowper, "The Task" (1785)

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## AS CITY'S HUMAN RIGHTS COMMISSION CHIEF QUILTS, HE WARNS...

# Create jobs for Negroes or face more violence



FRANK QUINN

"The blowups grow out of continued frustration," said Frank Quinn quietly, "and I think there are going to be other blowups in other cities—and here."

Months before the ugly September riots in San Francisco's Negro ghettos, Quinn and the San Francisco Human Rights Commission he headed warned of the rising level of "explosive frustration" among the city's jobless minorities.

But their warning—and their bold plan to create thousands of white collar and training jobs for Negroes and other minorities—was coldly ignored.

**THIS WEEK** Quinn left his post as executive director of the Human Rights Commission with a similar warning and a similar plan.

As he took over his new duties as regional director of the Federal Western States Region Equal Employment Opportunity Commission ("I'll be able to focus on one facet of the problem now—jobs"), he granted *The Guardian* an exclusive interview on his assessment of the racial situation in San Francisco and the Bay area.

The whites are "getting the idea" there is anger among the minorities, he said, but they continue to react traditionally and conventionally to problems of race.

"They give a little bit and they try to seal off this major social problem."

Whites are happy when a few of Negro, Spanish or Oriental ancestry gain a good job and income and buy a home, even though their home is usually squeezed into the Ocean View-Mercer Heights District in San Francisco or its suburban equivalent.

"The white community points to this as progress," Quinn said.

**"BUT** they never walk through

the Fillmore or Hunters Point and listen and look and talk," said Quinn, a forceful one-time drill instructor and first sergeant of an army disciplinary barracks.

"And things in these areas are getting worse."

"There is some temporary job relief among minorities in San Francisco and the Bay area because of the boom caused by the war in Vietnam," Quinn noted.

"But when Vietnam is over—unless there is a real re-gearing—we're in for a real rough time."

And Quinn believes the Negroes' struggle for jobs and equality is now running head-on into an escalating mood among whites to "hold on to what they have."

Quinn calls the mood—now coming to the fore in California—one of "public poverty and private prosperity."

What it means is a trend toward poverty-level support of local, state and federal governments by the most prosperous people the world has ever known.

**IT FOLLOWS** that state and federal programs to open up jobs for minorities, to train them, to educate them—and to bring them into the mainstream of American life—will be the first to go when governments are forced to cut

expenses by the private prosperity-public poverty syndrome.

"People still operate as if we were in an economy of scarcity," Quinn said. "They don't seem to realize that we do have the power of affluence for everybody in the U.S. and throughout much of the world."

**"IN OUR** affluent society, people are seeking private answers and not answers to public problems—and given this kind of mood, the minorities are going to have a tougher and tougher time getting 'in,'" noted Quinn.

He believes San Francisco, the Bay area and the nation must make an immediate and massive public-private effort to create millions of new white collar, blue collar and "New Careers" jobs for minority members.

The "New Careers" program, whereby the jobless would be given trainee jobs as teacher and public health aides, for example, is the direction in which our civilization should be heading, he feels.

**THOUSANDS** and thousands of these "New Careers" jobs in human services could be created immediately in San Francisco and the Bay Area, Quinn said.

All would have a built-in promotional potential whereby trainees could rise to the sub-professional and actual professional level, he added.

In San Francisco and other Bay area cities, Quinn said, job opportunities and job patterns must be approached on a regional basis.

There must be a regional public transit system so that residents of the Bay Region's core cities can reach jobs in the suburban areas where many blue collar jobs now are migrating.

He sees San Francisco schools as "probably the most crystal clear example of a public agency making decisions and running programs with minimum participation from the neighborhoods."

Citizen committees must be organized to determine with educators the best educational program for their children, Quinn said.

And throughout the core cities like San Francisco and Oakland—and in other Bay Area urban areas—new "group mechanisms" must be developed so that "decisions will be brought into the neighborhoods," Quinn said.

**NON-PROFIT** organizations should be formed to represent various neighborhoods and their interests, he believes, and then negotiate with existing governmental agencies.

"After all, this is what developers do," he quipped.

But in Quinn's mind, the most critical problem facing San Francisco and environs is to get people to "take hold in the life of the city . . . to develop a public awareness in people."

"They will become more alive," Quinn believes. "And they'll learn then how to live with other people—and not retreat into their private world."

## The San Francisco I Remember...

By Margo Skinner

Kids who sit primly on little chairs, alone or in twos or threes, in darkened living rooms, eating from tin pans and watching a small screen in a large box, will never know what they're missing.

Yesterday's "picture palaces" in some cases were literally that. No old San Franciscan will forget the rococo grandeur of the Fox Theater, now bulldozed into a plaza.

**OTHERS** might have been simply neighborhood theaters, such as the Excelsior or the Haight, whose bejeweled marquees foretold inner delights, even if you couldn't read. Lobbies were formal and dignified. Large neo-Renaissance chairs with clawed feet were not to be sat on, nor mahogany tables cluttered with paper bags of penny candy. Deep-piled carpets hushed the clatter of childish feet.

And art hung on the walls: a moody Spanish gypsy, a Murillo madonna rising heavenward through the top of a heavy gilt frame. There were no garish showcases of popcorn and 15 cent candy bars, no roasting hot dogs. There was almost incense. And heavy floor-length brocaded curtains led to the holy of the holies, the theater proper.

The Excelsior, entertainment mecca of a then Italian-American neighborhood in the outer Mission district, was my first theater. Besides films, it featured, live, "Eddie's Adver-show" (with drawings for goods from local merchants) and personal appearances by top stars.

My mother had a taste for sin-in-high-society drama. Sitting quietly beside her in the vastness of the balcony, I saw Corinne Griffith as a titled, indiscreet lady; Jetta Goudal vamping; and the splendid, sultry Pola Negri of "A Woman From Moscow" (with Norman Kerry, both darkly handsome in Cosack hats and furs, in a sleigh pursued by wolves across the steppes).

**DEARER** to my four-year-old heart, however, were the cowboys and their horses. Tom Mix pranced Tony, a splendid black steed, across the Excelsior stage. And the Saturday matinee when Fred Thompson, the noblest cowboy of them all, appeared in person, the rafters rattled with juvenile din and applause. Thompson, one-time minister and scout leader, looked like the Angel Gabriel and died young. At another matinee Rin-Tin-

Tin, the versatile dog who once played the role of a wolf in disguise (a false beard!), barked hello at us and did complicated tricks for his trainer, Lee Duncan.

The beginning of social consciousness came with Fritz Lang's "Metropolis," which seemed a frightening fairy tale. In this futuristic German film, workers lived underground in something like the New York subway system while the rich danced on the grass in sunlight surrounded by flowers.

There was pure terror, too. One winter Saturday, having been allowed to go by myself to "The Phantom of the Opera," I stayed shivering in the brightly lit lobby until 7:30 at night, when a frantic mother claimed me, tired and thirsty. The alcove with the drinking fountain had been shrouded with dark purple velvet curtains, which billowed mysteriously.

**STILL** vivid is the scene in which blonde-curl Mary Philpin playfully plucked off Lon Chaney's mask. The face of Death turned straight at the camera—and at me.

What happened to the Excelsior? I always intended to pay a nostalgic visit, and some months ago remember seeing it in the newspaper neighborhood movie listing. No longer. Nor in the phone book. It has vanished like a conjurer's rabbit—as has much of the San Francisco I knew.

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## 'Rowdy Dude'

Continued from Page 3—

flects the way certain youngsters, from more wealthy backgrounds, seek out an intensified experience that heightens the present moment.

**THIS** intensified experience is

achieved by "tripping out" on

different drugs.

Because lower strata pot heads do not need to discover the existential here and now and authentic reality, they are more cautious about "blowing one's mind" and seek to control their experience.

For the most part, they view "trippers" and "happeners" as fools—as dangerous and "uncool persons."

UC researchers suspect that, as pot heads become adults, they move into conventional society and become assimilated into it. Their use of marijuana would decline and even possibly cease.

## The Lynch puzzle

Continued from Page 1 —

doctors accused of performing therapeutic abortions, in reputable hospitals and with the consent of hospital committees set up to approve (or disapprove) such operations. Though a large section of medical science has denounced the prosecution, Lynch's staff is not only proceeding but has made unveiled threats against more than a half-dozen other doctors.

**REGARDING** pornography, Lynch has bent with the conservative winds. When a breast-beating Republican introduced legislation aimed at society's old scapegoat—the friendly smut-peddler—Lynch announced that the proposed laws had his blessings. Not so much as a period did he ask to have changed.

Regarding constitutional guar-

antees, Lynch has been treading a curious middleground between approval and condemnation of the Supreme Courts of California and the U.S. He generally shied away from both the American Civil Liberties Union or the police departments' points of view, though he did observe, at the time of the first major decision outlawing confessions without constitutional protections, that the decision would "open the doors of our prisons." It did not.

Regarding constitutional law, particularly in the rights of minorities, Lynch has been inactive. His office has a section, created by Stanley Mosk, to deal with minority rights, but where was it during the anti-Vietnam march in Oakland or when grape strikers were being beaten in Delano?

**LYNCH** is no Stanley Mosk. He doesn't claim to be, and probably wouldn't want to be. The two men became attorney general in very different ways—Lynch via the office of San Francisco District Attorney, Mosk via the Los Angeles Superior Court.

If Mosk were still attorney general, Democrats—liberal and otherwise—could look forward to bolts of lightning between the attorney general's office and the governor's mansion.

As for Lynch's relationship with the new conservative government, the honeymoon is still on and the jury is out. We'll know more later.

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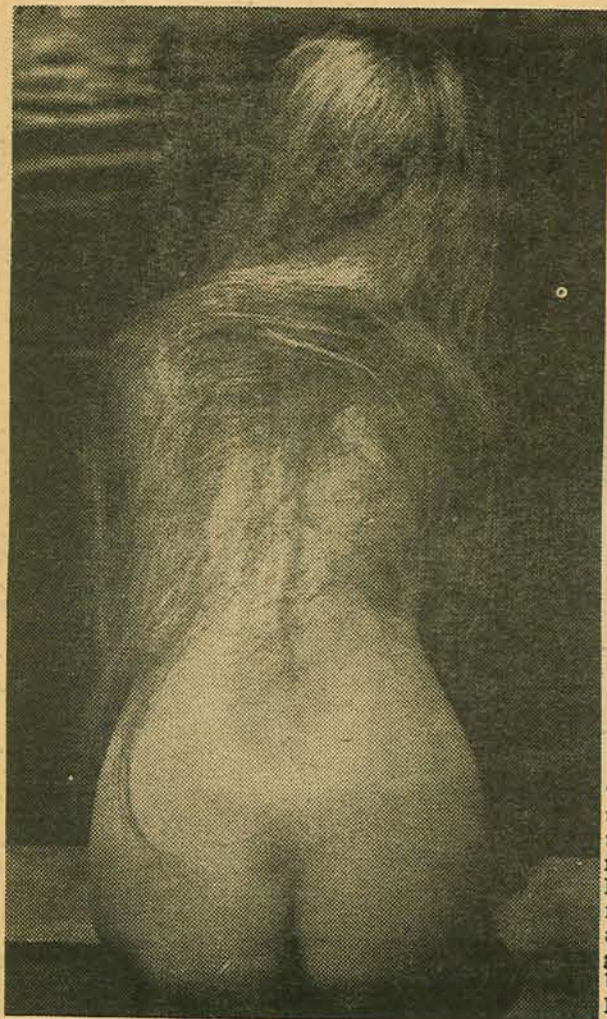
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"Nude" and "Doll Heads," two famous pictures by photographer Ruth Bernhard, are now on display at the Focus gallery, 2146 Union St., San Francisco.



## RUTH BERNHARD HAS A WORLD OF HER OWN

By Phil Palmer

Ruth Bernhard, the noted San Francisco photographer, and two of her students, David Wong and David Holman, are now exhibiting at the Focus Gallery, 2146 Union St. in San Francisco. The 80-print show has a rather fancy title, "Luminous Discoveries by Three Photographers," a reference to Miss Bernhard's concern with "light used as brush and paint."

One naturally assumes that Miss Bernhard's strong personal style and philosophy would rub off on her students. However, Holman's and Wong's most effective work indicate that each has a personal direction.

MISS Bernhard has been criticized for exhibiting the same prints, some 25 years or so old, again and again in the Bay Area. However, one could consider this as another of Miss Bernhard's retrospectives that will introduce her original prints to those unfamiliar with her work. The pair of leaves, the doll's head and the seashells, all in previous shows and photography publica-

tions, dominate her part of the show. Hers should perhaps be titled, "The World of Ruth Bernhard," because she inhabits a realm of her own. No one photographs the female nude quite as does Miss Bernhard.

Whether working with seashells, animal skulls, plant forms or the human figure, Miss Bernhard's approach is never objective nor impersonal. Elements of mysticism, romanticism and surrealism are at play in her images.

EVEN her method of displaying prints is unique. She sometimes uses, for the mount surface, a textured fabric or black velvet, which enhances the mood of some photographs.

Mr. Wong, when he leaves Miss Bernhard's orbit, displays an often successful feeling for form and space—a symmetrical composition prominently featuring a white door knob, a white stucco or plaster wall across which wanders an intriguing line formed by a crack in the material. He produces compositions revealing intricate squiggles and calligraphy reminiscent of the photographs of Harry Callahan and the painting of Mark Tobey. Wong works with a 35mm camera but he is a fine technician and his images are not weakened by the use of the small negative.

Holman's best work shows a strong emotional response to light and the transformation it brings to recognizable objects and scenes. He attempts to bring mystery and wonder to some subjects by photographing them through a magnifying or reading glass placed in front of the camera lens, a gimmick used by several photographers in recent years.

THE result is an exaggerated version of the old-time soft-focus lenses which provided sharpness to the image's center, with the borders going out of focus. Holman uses this technique to photograph a glistening, muddy roadway which appears to emerge from a dream or perhaps an LSD trip.

Holman uses a straight technical approach in other photographs and does interesting things with objects in brilliant sunlight. Sometimes he shoots directly into the sun, at other time permits the sunlight to illuminate and reveal a subject, as in his print of a rumbled bed with light pouring in through a window.

This is the third Focus Gallery show and, in my judgment, a decided improvement over its predecessors. Visitors to this unusual gallery should also inspect the rear room where Helen Head Johnston, gallery owner, has installed portfolios from several leading west coast photographers.

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## Bean-picking at Cal

The remark of Regent Ed Pauley that a professor, or assistant, or anyone else, should be given to understand the conditions of his employment, and if he transgressed, he should be summarily fired, represents a firm, businesslike approach to Higher Education. It's the first sensible remark anyone has added to the controversy since it began.

All the pious yammering about Academic Freedom, Pure Research, and Ideals has tended to conceal one damned fundamental fact which professorial types like to sweep under the rug.

The reason for having a (any) State University at all—as was perfectly well realized by the legislators who passed the Morrill Land Grant Act 100 years ago—is to provide skills and methods and research to serve the business (and/or farming) community. To reduce it to its baldest level, it exists to train bean-pickers.

ONCE WE relax and admit this, we undermine all, or at any rate most, of the grounds for student and academic argument. The next point to admit—another which we tend to muffle or play down—is that public education is a form of socialism. This point has been argued, with some vigor, by Ayn Rand, Nathaniel Branden and by no less a person than Barry Goldwater, whose statement—"No child has a right to be educated at public expense"—got less attention than it deserved.

Concede, then, that education is in itself a business—and indeed in annual cash turnover it ranks not far behind cosmetics, liquor and automobiles—and should be (as Mr. Pauley suggests) run like a business.

Why NOT let it be run by business?

TO PUT IT bluntly, we propose to Get Government Out of Business.

ness by selling the University of California to the highest bidder, and allowing it to be run under the Free Enterprise System as a profit-making business in its own right. This is not so absurd as it sounds; for a century or so England, and parts of the U.S., got along fairly well with privately owned, profit-making, incorporated schools and academies.

If the enterprise seems too vast, it could be handled by a syndicate. (Somehow that word has got into bad odor, except in the newspaper world, where it still retains an aura of good; the new, more socially acceptable semantic improvement seems to be "consortium"; but the principle is the same.)

Or, if it proved too large for a single consortium, it could be broken up into its separate segments, to be operated by and for individual corporations. Pacific Gas and Electric could have its own college; so also Union Oil, SP, and so on.

TAXPAYERS would be relieved of the over-expensive total support of the University and the colleges. By judicious advertising, they could still be nicked for scholarships and grants, as advertising already gets them to contribute to the Red Cross, Community Chest and whatnot.

But the professors would know their place, and keep it like good employees should. Students, paying the going market price for their education (as even now they pay the going rates for their other goods and services, such as rent, cars, groceries and haircuts), would be put honestly in the position of other consumers: they could like it or lump it.

In buying a car, the consumer has a free-market choice between Brand A, Brand B and Brand C. The difference, mostly, lies in the trim. All three brands are likely to be equally unsafe and equally expensive to operate. Except for the trim and prestige value, there is little difference.

WITH HIGHER education operated by industry, the student would quickly realize that "protests" serve no purpose against the organized monolith. And so, in academic life, he would do—four or five years earlier—precisely what he does upon graduating and going to work for a corporation: conform. In college, he protests, he fights, only because of the juvenile illusion that he has a chance; the minute he hits the business world he sees at once that he can't fight 'em, so he sensibly joins 'em. (How many beards or sandals have you ever seen in brokers' offices? Or even on milkmen?)

THE IDEAL president could readily be found in the high-level ranks of business, probably at the board-chairman level: e.g., Henry Ford, Sr., Charles Erwin ("Engine Charlie") Wilson, Douglas MacArthur (Remington-Rand). There need be no more nonsense about Academic Freedom or Pure Research. Businessmen are (as they like to emphasize) Practical Men.

"History is bunk," said Mr. Ford; but he made his company go like a house afire, didn't he? Of Sputnik I, Mr. Wilson said, "It's a pretty scientific trick, but likely of no practical value"; but he made GM go, didn't he?

And not even any more Bad Publicity. The president of a business knows perfectly well that he doesn't argue with the Owners. "Academic" college presidents sometimes do not learn this, or don't learn it in time.

Instead of being drained by taxes, citizens could be induced to invest, and even get dividends (in the good years).

This is an idea not lightly to be ignored; and we pass it on (gratis) to Mr. Pauley and other major entrepreneurs.

Wilbur Gaffney

Dear Sirs . . . To the Editor . . . Dear Sirs . . . To the Editor . . . Dear Sirs . . .

To the editor:

Your thoughtful article on regional government in the Jan. 20th edition of The Bay Guardian was very much appreciated. It fails to mention, however, that my bill, AB 50, will serve to answer most, if not all, the questions your paper raises.

AB 50 is, at present, only a pre-amble. Its purpose is to express the Legislature's interest in regional government for the San Francisco Bay area and set the stage for intensive public hearings on the subject. The Assembly Municipal and County Government Committee, of which I am chairman, will hold the hearings, beginning shortly.

IT IS AT THESE hearings that the discussions your article seeks will take place. We are most hopeful that participation in the hearings will not be limited to governmental agencies but, rather, that many individuals and groups with thoughtful contributions will come forward to be heard.

Your choice of the word "Minitown" to characterize the smaller cities in the Bay Area is unfortunate. It is my own feeling that regional government must strive to transcend the present conflict between large and small population cen-

ters and seek instead to best represent the interests of Bay Area citizens.

I feel that preservation of the Bay Area's qualities as a place to live is essential to all residents of the region equally, not more essential if your city happens to be larger than another.

FURTHER it is not my present thinking that regional government will or should be able to decide such issues as the location of an airport in a community that may not want it. Whatever form regional government takes as a result of the Legislature's action, we can be certain

that local governments will retain virtually all the prerogatives they now enjoy.

With successful operation of limited regional government, the day may come when local governments will decide some issues now controlled locally can best be handled at the regional level and they will voluntarily delegate the authority necessary for the job.

Regional government, being new and untried, will undoubtedly be limited in its scope by the Legislature. The public hearings will give the Legislature

WANTED:



Guardian sketch—Gardiner (c)

University president: must be trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent.

ample opportunity to study viewpoints held by all the many interests involved and to reflect consideration of these interests in the legislation we hope to enact.

JOHN T. KNOX, Richmond Assemblyman and chairman of the Assembly Committee on Municipal and County Government.

Dear Sir:

Your arguments against the Leslie land swap appear to be all inclusive, but overlook some of the facts. As past commodore of Redwood City, Sequoia Yacht Club, and as a delegate of SYC to Pacific Inter-Club Yachting Association, I have concluded that such a swap in the area of the Redwood Shores would be beneficial to the interests of the segment of the population which depends upon navigable waters to carry on its activities.

As stated by one of the past presidents of PICYA, "We are boatmen. We are not birdwatchers, seal hunters or anything of that type." Therefore, the recreational boating interests have taken a position endorsing the rehabilitation of these sloughs.

Dennis L. Woodman  
Past Commodore  
Sequoia Yacht Club

To the editor:

"I have intended subscribing to your excellent journal for quite some time, but have been away from home a lot of the time, and very much occupied.

"I think you have a great future."

Ansel Adams  
Carmel, Calif.

### The Bay Guardian

"It is a newspaper's duty to print the news, and raise hell."  
(Wilbur F. Storey: Statement of the aims of the Chicago Times, 1861.)

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# San Francisco can learn from Britain

**'We can pick up tips  
about dealing with traffic  
as a social problem in  
tightly packed urban centers'**

**By Michael Kernan**  
Guardian roving editor

LONDON — It is ironic, perhaps, but not illogical, to draw from Great Britain some lessons about urban traffic which apply to San Francisco and other U.S. cities.

Ironic, because Britain runs a full generation behind us in traffic saturation; logical, because America already is recoiling from excesses of previous "solutions" which ignored the amenities of human life in a way the British never would tolerate.

AND THE possibility of some relief for San Francisco's traffic problems is most succinctly suggested by the leading British traffic expert, Prof. Colin D. Buchanan, in the monumental 1961 study, "Traffic in Towns":

"San Francisco, limited in its expansion on three sides by salt water, is not a typical American city. But British cities are restricted in their expansion on all four sides, and the case history may well be relevant."

Britons rapidly are becoming as car-conscious as Americans. Though one British family in four still owns no car at all and the national rate is 193 vehicles per 1,000 persons compared with America's rate 410 per 1,000, car ownership is increasing by at least 6 per cent each year. A recent American-style auto show at the giant Earls Court arena attracted hundreds of thousands of potential buyers over two weeks.

With the interest in cars comes a mounting awareness of traffic problems. It is Page One news all over England when Mrs. Barbara Castle, minister of transport, is caught in a London traffic jam, and when Henry A. Barnes, New York traffic commissioner, visits London the papers treat him like a movie star.

BUT BEFORE comparisons can be drawn intelligently, differences in traffic conditions must be taken into account. These range from driving techniques to the availability of land and of money.

It is to be expected that, in a country where mass ownership of cars is still a novelty, the level of driver sophistication will be relatively low. Americans may not be aware of it, but they are without doubt the world's most disciplined drivers. On the whole, they obey signs, stay within painted lanes, stop for pedestrians when required, pull to the curb for ambulances and keep within shooting distance of speed limits.

In London, on the other hand, it is common to see a driver roar at 50 or 60 mph down a 100-foot momentary opening in a crowded city street—merely because his powerful car can perform the feat. Furthermore, traffic control lags here. New York has 9,000 signalized intersections; London has 1,400. Street markings are comparatively rare here, as is the device of the peak-hour ban on parking or right-turns.

TRAFFIC control, however, is not as simple as painting lines

on the pavement. In study after study, planners have urged a systematic reorganization of the city's narrow, jumbled streets. Radial through routes and concentric circle routes have been suggested to carry off some non-local traffic. And here the need for zoning powers arises.

In one sense, the British are better off because their land use and zoning apparatus is far more sophisticated than ours. Compulsory purchase by government agencies has been brought to a fine point here, with so many safeguards built in that it is accepted readily.

In America, writes Buchanan, "it is not true to say there is no planning, but it does appear to be the case that development largely takes place according to the play of the property market as influenced by the decisions of a very large number of local authorities (many quite small) exercising somewhat elementary zoning powers. The position varies from state to state, but it is said that Houston, Tex., which has grown up without the exercise of any zoning powers at all, is little different from many another American city."

It is one thing, though, to have the power to pre-empt properties and quite another to bring oneself to use this power. The freeway, the interchange, the concrete monolith accepted with resignation in America finds far more determined opposition in Great Britain.

In a tiny country whose population of 55 million will be increased by a third in the next generation, this is not surprising. In London, especially, the heart of the English-speaking world, history is everpresent and living. That little insignificant building marked for demolition to straighten the street turns out to be Thackeray's home, and so on.

AS FOR using London's celebrated parks for downtown interchanges, Buchanan notes that Green Park contains 53 acres and St. James 93 acres.

One interchange in the center of Boston, Mass., sprawls over 10 acres.

If interchanges are instead placed in residential areas, one interchange would displace 1000 people, for London has 100 persons per acre.

At the core of the problem of land availability is a companion problem: the availability of money. In America, money for highways is skimmed off the top of the budget. Federal and state funds are distributed, in some cases, on what amounts to a crash basis.

In Great Britain, the Ministry of Transport must first approve an expenditure before it can go through the Ministry of Housing and finally local government authorities. Even in matters of traffic control, the British tradition of strong local option brings a multitude of fingers into the pie.

A ROAD Fund was set up in 1909, but later Winston Churchill, as chancellor of the Exchequer, rejected the concept of special funds as being outside

the British tradition on legislative control of money. From then on, traffic funds were removed as needed from the general fund and the road fund became a mere receptacle.

The result: Taxes against car users do not necessarily go into highway improvement. In 1955, for instance, the exchequer received the equivalent of one billion dollars from gasoline taxes and 240 million dollars from vehicle registration fees.

Of that total, only 120 million dollars was used for building roads. The other \$1,120,000,000 disappeared into general government.

Americans would regard this as a scandalous inequity. But in fact, it is simply a rather dramatic demonstration of the British attitude that the car is a luxury. Would we expect our government to use the revenue from luxury taxes on cosmetics for further research into cosmetics?

THESE are the significant differences between the two nations in terms of traffic. Despite them, obviously, the British can learn much from our mistakes. (But they haven't always. They built, for example, several freeways without the fog equipment they had observed on our freeways. The accident rate was appalling.)

What, then, can Americans glean from the British experi-

ence? Mainly, we can pick up tips about dealing with traffic in tightly packed urban centers. British cities are far more tightly packed than ours, said Buchanan in a recent Guardian interview. And British studies have been made with the advantage of hindsight.

One lesson already learned in both countries, apparently, is that the freeway is not the whole answer to urban transportation problems. The distinguished London Imperial College professor remarked upon the San Francisco Bay Area voter decision to build a rapid transit system. "Two double-decked elevated freeway spurs partly encircling the downtown area," he said, "have aroused strong criticism and seem to have contributed to the decision."

Nevertheless, he warned, one cannot pull public transport over one's head like a blanket. Somebody has to face the fact of highway traffic in cities.

"WE NEED to handle car traffic as a problem like housing or typhoid," he said. "If a child dies of typhoid, everyone jumps into action. It should be that way when someone dies on the highway."

"Movement through the streets usually is seen as a separate problem and put in the hands of highway engineers, who see things in narrow terms. Traffic

is a social problem and should be treated as such."

It is this concept — of traffic as a broad social issue, not only an engineering exercise — that perhaps can be of greatest use to Americans. Downtown traffic jams cannot be solved simply by tinkering with auto traffic flow, for it is not autos alone that create the problem. It is the mixture of pedestrian and vehicular traffic.

The solution is to find a way to separate these disparate types of movement, and clearly such a solution will require more than a traffic engineer. The entire cast of urban developers should be consulted: city planners, merchants, bus companies, property owners and so forth.

San Francisco might do well to examine the problem of London's Oxford Street, a shopping artery which could be compared to parts of Kearney, Montgomery, lower Post and Bush and Union Square. Buchanan says:

"Oxford Street is perhaps the supreme example of the overwhelming of a shopping street by vehicular traffic. . . . I simply refuse to believe that the turmoil of pedestrians and vehicles in this street, the noise, the stench and the general misery when it is raining, with bus queues waiting in patient wretchedness, are things that should be accepted in what we are pleased to think of as a civilized city."

He has suggested for some years a solution heretofore seen mostly in planning textbooks or in shopping centers on a small scale. The plan is cheaper than elaborate rerouting schemes, but it is in every sense a plan that demands an understanding of traffic as a social problem.

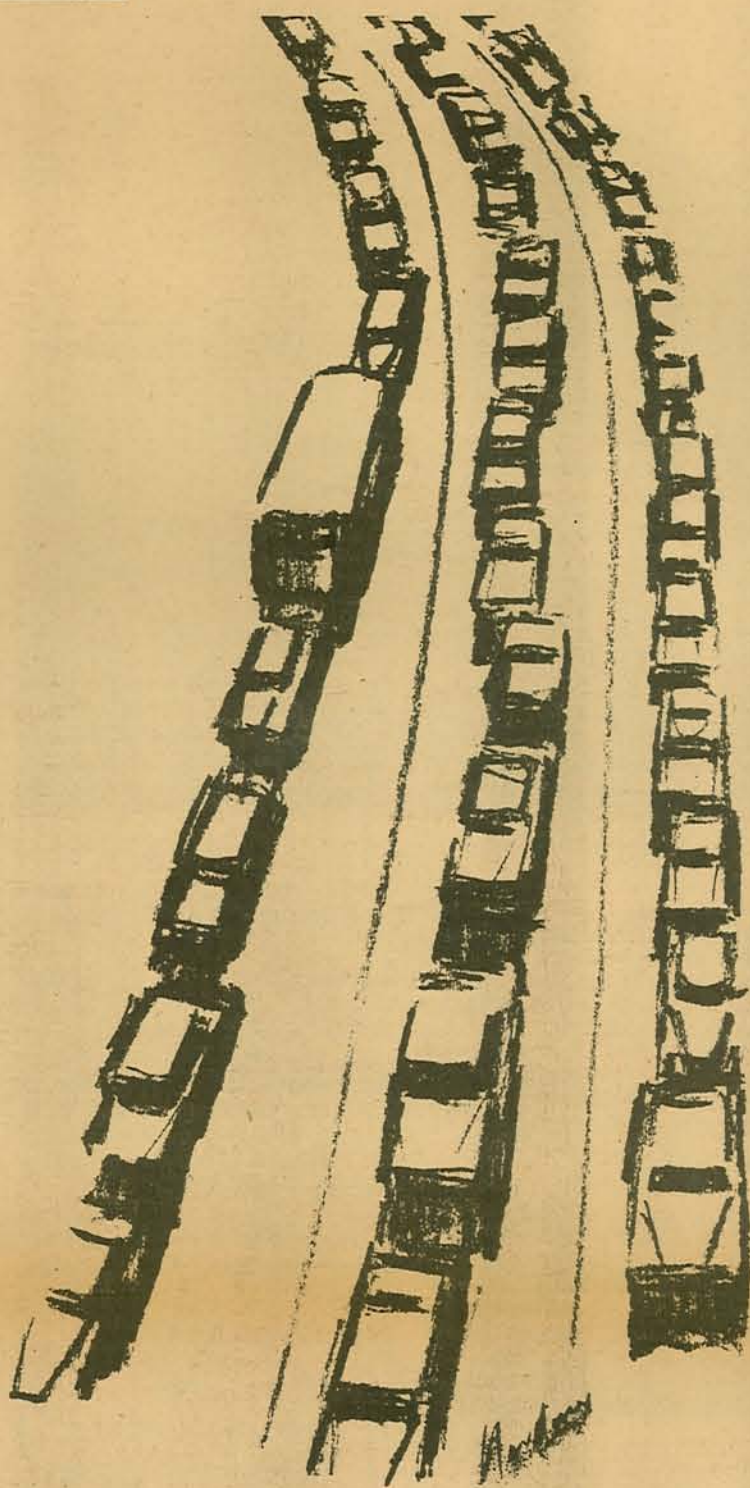
Buchanan would raise the sidewalks to the second story.

"The possibility lies simply in the elevation of the footways and the main shop window displays to first floor level. Footways would be cantilevered out from the buildings and connected across the street at frequent intervals by means of light bridges, providing two extra lanes for traffic, the bus stops would be under cover of the elevated footway, and passengers would ascend to the footways by escalator."

Stores could devote their ground floors to loading and parking facilities, thus alleviating another traffic problem. The bridges, if designed intelligently and built of reinforced concrete or sturdy plastic, could enhance the beauty of the city.

It is today doubtful whether San Francisco will turn such a plan to reality. Whether it would solve the downtown tangle is problematical. But westerners would do well to take to heart, if not the specific solution, at least the concept of traffic as a community responsibility. Failure to do so has resulted already in the state highway department's excesses and, in San Francisco, such hilariously inept schemes as the Embarcadero Freeway and the Broadway exit.

"The danger," says Buchanan, "is that we may set our sights too low, that seeing the problem as no more than keeping traffic on the move we may take a middle course of piecemeal street widening . . . gradually tearing the hearts out of our towns. It is not traffic movement but civilized town life that is at stake."





## The Photograph



Deserted Farmhouse, Half Moon Bay, California, by Al Lowry

By Phil Palmer

(Palmer, a noted free lance photographer, writer and critic, will select and criticize photographs as a special Guardian display feature. It will be called "The Photograph." Photographers are asked to send their work to Palmer, in care of The Guardian, 746 Brannan St., San Francisco.)

The photographer of substance knows what he is about. His work has sensitivity, strength and authority. All these qualities are evident in this evocative photograph

by Al Lowry, a free lance photographer now at the University of California at Santa Cruz.

An abandoned house is silhouetted against a grey sky. A band of stubble and dead grass at the bottom of the print, and rows of young, growing plants across the center of the picture, are illuminated by somber light. This photograph was made in an instant of deep understanding. Lowry knew what he was doing and he stated his message beautifully.

## The handsome sheriff...

Continued from Page 1—

... that is, until the following fall when a small deputy ran into the Handsome Sheriff's office and said, "Golly, Handsome Sheriff, the great university hasn't spent any money at all..."

SO THE Handsome Sheriff and his deputy rode down into the lumpy hills to the great university to find out why the great university hadn't spent any money... but they never did find anyone to tell them why the great university hadn't spent any money... mostly, because there was no one there at all...

### FIRST FRESH HINT

Who knows when the first  
Fresh hint of love  
Came stirring  
When he found the arc  
And swing of music  
In her motion  
When he saw the rhythm  
Of the sunset  
Changing color in her smile  
Love creeps silently  
Without commotion  
Stalking us in every mood  
It takes us unaware  
And while we sit together  
In serious pretension  
Explodes between us  
In sudden laughter  
What we most would hide  
We are pleased to have  
discovered  
Through our talking eyes

—Edward P. Gottlieb



## polk street

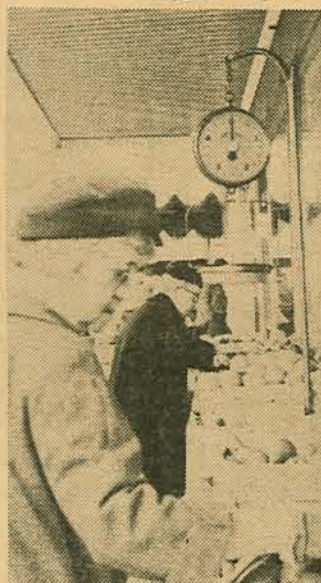
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# OUT OF RED CHINA, A REPORT ON LIFE AT PEKING UNIVERSITY THAT WOULD MAKE U.C. STUDENTS BLANCH

By Lester Velie

TAIPEI, TAIWAN — I have just come from lunch with a Peking university student who defected from the Red Guards and has arrived, with the help of the Chinese Nationalist government here in Taiwan.

He had a formal press conference with about 30 press, radio and television people, and then we spent several hours talking about life in China, and inside the Red Guards, all to the accompaniment of a meal of three different kinds of soup, served in between shrimps, barbecued pork, two kinds of chicken, creamed fish, sweet and sour fish, Chinese pastries filled with sweetened bean curd—and Mongolian hot pot consisting of paper thin slabs of beef, pork and other meats — plus vegetables — all boiled in bubbling broth before your eyes.

**BUT ABOUT** the Red Guard. I've been working for the last several days with another student who was the first Red Guard defector to reach Taiwan by way of Hong Kong. The story of recent life in China, as it emerges from both boys, is almost impossible for a westerner to believe.

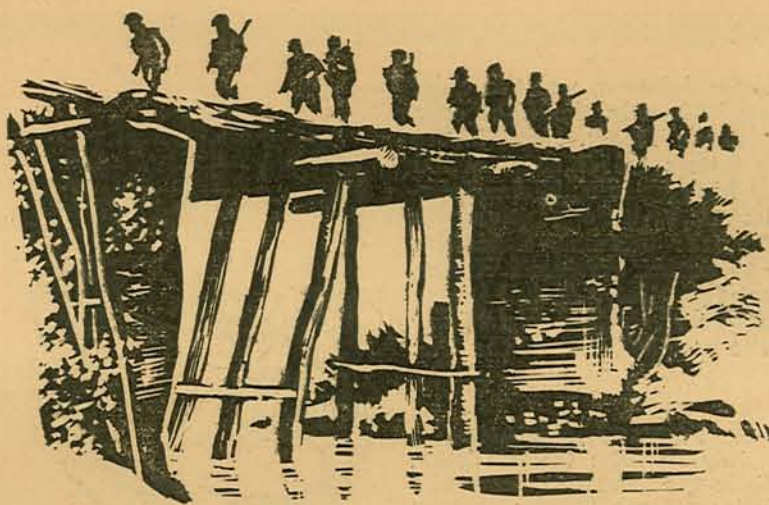
For instance: at Peiping University, the Chinese Communist party had—and I presume still has—a political apparatus superimposed on the faculty and administration. It consists of "commissioners" who say their job is to conduct "revolutionary activ-

## A nightmare of suspicion and betrayal!

ity," but in reality is an intelligence service for the Communist party and the government.

**THEY** investigate the students, keep track as to whether they're "progressive" or "backward" in their thinking and maintain a "data bag" on each student — a file or dossier of minutest details about his family, his trustworthiness, what student snoopers have reported about him.

Commissioners may be as important personages as the presi-



Guardian sketch—Gardiner (c)

Quemoy was full of surprises — a beautiful island with miles of underground tunnels and shell explosions every other day

dent of the university himself—or members of the administration, clerks, etc. They are assigned to different departments of the university, physics, languages, etc. They maintain, according to the defecting red guards, a continuous "rectification" campaign, i.e., a campaign of straightening out students who don't see the light according to the gospel of Mao.

Each year there's a formal rectification campaign, and about 10 per cent of the students are dismissed for political heresy of one sort or another, reported by their classmates, or snooped out by the commissioners. What a nightmare of suspicion and betrayal!

**YESTERDAY**, I spent the day on Quemoy Island. It's about 100 miles from the west coast of Taiwan, across the Taiwan Straits, is surrounded on three sides by the Chinese communist mainland — with the nearest point only 1,000 yards or so from Red China. So near, that we were able to look through binoculars and see people stirring on the beach.

It all started at a Mongolian barbecue dinner, several nights before, when I heard a general across the table from us saying, "but never on an even numbered day." When I learned this referred to the Communist bombardment of Quemoy, I asked to be taken out, and yesterday morning (an even numbered day) we set out in an army plane—an old DC3, with a cover of four fighter jets providing a protective umbrella above us.

This all sounds very dangerous but, we were told, they haven't lost a correspondent yet. The trip across the straits, over the Pescadores islands and on to Quemoy proved, I suppose, that Chinese nationalists dominate the straits.

**WE FLEW** at an altitude of about 500 feet to avoid detection by the Communist radar—so low that we could see the wavy

green rollers breaking below us. We wore life jackets.

I poked around in the pockets and pulled out a packet of shark repellent, manufactured in Clinton, Mass., and labeled U.S. property (the plane was Nationalist Chinese). In another pocket was a dye marker.

The island was full of surprises. The Taiwanese had built a complex of underground tunnels. In it was a 1,000 seat theatre—to be used as hospital

Lester Velie, a roving editor of Readers Digest, is touring the listening posts of Red China for a special Digest series on mainland China and the revolutionary rumblings. He will also write frequent reports to The Guardian. Velie wrote for the old Colliers magazine one of the most famous exposes in California political history, the iron-hold of Artie Samish, liquor lobbyist, upon the Legislature in the late 1940s. Samish was later convicted for income tax evasion.

in case of war — carved or blasted, rather, out of the solid granite. The roof, we were told, is some 30 yards thick. It also served as the commanding general's headquarters.

The shelling was true enough, every other day—but the shells contained only propaganda leaflets. The Communists open up for several hours, and shells pop all over the island. They're harmless unless they land on top of you, although there have been cases in which they cave in roofs.

The fortifications looked like the Maginot line, concrete strong points, several hundred of them ring the island, and heavy ma-

chine guns command beaches which are studded with iron stakes, ringed by barbed wire and mined.

**THERE** were bomb shelters everywhere — all up and down the 18 miles of the island — and across its width (it's about three miles at the waist). But at the same time, completely out of character, there is a thriving village on the island, Kinman, population 15,000. It has markets, taxicabs, several dozen primary and junior and senior high schools (40% of the island's population are children under 12).

The Taiwanese have beautified the island with millions of trees (they line all the highways and stand in new wood clusters all over the place). The farmers produce the biggest cabbages, watermelons and corn you ever saw. And the pride of the island is a wine distillery which produces Gau Lien, a vodka-like drink, made from sorghum. A live shell hit the distillery in 1960 when communists paid their respects to Eisenhower (when he visited Taiwan) by three days of shelling. The Communists couldn't get at Eisenhower (on Taiwan), but they did get to the distillery—a war crime, if ever I heard of one.

**THE CHINESE** reds could take Quemoy, I suppose, but at a very high cost. My final impression of the little island was based on a visit to the northeast point, the one that is only several hundred yards away from mainland China. Here the Chinese Nationalists have set up a broadcasting station and loudspeakers and were baiting Mao Tse Tung (we were told these horns and broadcasts could be heard up and down the Chinese coast): a little dog barking at a dragon.

This has been a most encouraging trip — Seoul and South Korea, which we visited last week, and now Taiwan are on their way to becoming self-supporting. In fact, we've phased out our aid (except military, of course). And with peace, this part of the world may yet enter the 20th century.

## ACT: A flawed gem, bright, but inconsistent

By Donald Babcock

In a great scene in the film "Quo Vadis," Imperial General Robert Taylor leads his armies in a triumphant procession through Rome. A grateful populace shouts its approval; behind Taylor, however, in his chariot a citizen holds a crown over his head. Repeatedly, the citizen whispers in Taylor's ear: "Remember, thou art but a man."

Reviewers, it is now clear, did immense disservice to the defunct Actor's Workshop by giving it uniform and unrelenting acclaim. Why, despite the company's obvious talents, were we so dissatisfied with its productions? We didn't find out until its directors got to New York and were put to a far more critical test than ever was applied here. San Francisco's critics now show a similar tendency in piling up the American Conservatory Theater (ACT) with Andes and Himalayas of praise.

**I, TOO**, herald ACT, but I have reservations based to ACT's first three productions—"Tartuffe," "Tiny Alice" and "Dear Liar"—and statements by William Ball, ACT's general director.

For all the brilliance of its individual scenes, ACT is often unable to present a consistent interpretation throughout a production. "Tartuffe," for instance, is a very funny satire that strikes at human foibles, at hypocrisy, gullibility and pompous pride. In some scenes ACT realizes the satire brilliantly, in others it delivers satiric lines straight, and often sinks to pathos.

Rene Auberjonois renders the hypocrite Tartuffe's fake confession as if seriously meant; he is engaging, but he seriously un-

dercuts the satire of the religious hypocrite Tartuffe which is the core of Moliere's play.

**SUCH LAPSES** occur frequently in "Tartuffe"; ironic lines emerge as if they were emotional outpouring. Characters take on a psychological complexity and get resulting sympathy hardly compatible with the biting irony of the play.

Part of the fault for such excesses lies with the actors, who tend to milk lines for every laugh or tear. Mugging, for example, is perhaps appropriate in a comedy like "Tartuffe," but it is entirely out of place in "Tiny Alice." When DeAnn Mears (otherwise an excellent Miss Alice) plays to the audience for a laugh when Brother Julian admits he's "not certain" whether he ever slept with a woman, she disrupts an important probing of the relationship between hallucination and reality.

**THERE IS** a tendency, then, for ACT's ensemble to play for immediate effect rather than consistent interpretation. A similar tendency afflicts Ball. His ability as director to create arresting dramatic effects on stage approaches genius, but he frequently emphasizes his own ideas rather than those of his play. He makes of "Tiny Alice," for example, a vehicle for his passion-

—Continued on Page 15

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# HIRAM JOHNSON

California's late senator, Hiram Johnson, was the chief opponent of President Woodrow Wilson in the fight over ratification of the League of Nations Treaty. Here, in the fourth installment of his pithy letters to his sons, edited exclusively for The Guardian by his grandson, Hiram Johnson III, Johnson explains how he started his opposition with the support of only one senator, the intensely unpopular William E. Boah. He was able to outfox President Wilson, muster enough votes, and defeat the treaty. A Bull Moose Republican, Johnson felt the League of Nations was a front for international bankers, and the best interests of the U.S. lay in isolation.

Edited by Hiram Johnson III

July 24, 1919: "My Dear Boys, . . . I am tied down by the Foreign Relations Committee and we meet daily and God only knows what may happen any day. The miserable, vacillating, cowardly crew here may ditch us any day. . . . Wilson, in my opinion, will accept the reservations that many Republicans desire and then there will be claims of victory on both sides and every skunk and coward will claim to America that he was right and to internationalists that he was their way.

"The situation today reminds me of what used to happen in California in the good old Southern Pacific days. I wonder if you remember how I would tell of the sham battles we would fight in which we were always whipped and the railroad company always won.

"Today on the League of Nations, there are many sincere men fighting with whole hearts on both sides and there are many more waiting for the 'psychological moment,' pretending they are on the one side or the other.

"Watching over the shoulders of the real contenders are our masters of Wall Street, winking at one another and knowing that we are fighting a great sham battle from their standpoint. 'Reservations' are cried by them and 'reservations' are re-echoed by the timid, the weak, the vacillating, the cowardly and the crooked.

"Soon the President will accept the reservations; the League of Nations will be adopted with them, and the Republicans will claim a great victory with their reservations; the President, a greater victory with his League and the International Bankers will chuckle as they take the receivership of the world through any kind of a League of Nations and make billions of profit.

"In my sober judgment, this will be the result. How these men in New York who make our Presidents and run our government must laugh in their sleeves at the rest of us. They never lose."

## Fear of Johnson

July 23, 1919: (In this letter, there was forwarded a copy of a letter sent to Senator Johnson from the Boston Evening Transcript by its Editor, James T. Williams, in which he states the President of the United States plans for a transcontinental trip.

"He makes a review of the Pacific Fleet as an apparent objective and thereby enables himself to draw travel pay for the trip. He intends to make speeches going and coming in support of the unconditional ratification of the unamended treaty.

"Mr. Williams continues," that 'it is no reflection upon the ability of your sympathetic associates in this great fight on the committee and in the Senate to say that you are, as I believe, the most available Senator as a spokesman at this time. The man in the White House is more afraid of you in this particular fight than of any other member of the Senate. I know this from men in his confidence and my knowledge is reinforced by reasons obvious to all. He never has stood up in a two-fisted fight and you are at all times a two-fisted fighter.'

"Williams concludes, 'If ways and means are provided I cannot but hope, and I earnestly beg of you, that you will answer the call, take the stump and answer Mr. Wilson's arguments and riddle his rhetoric in every State in which he speaks.'

Aug. 7, 1919: "My Dear Boys, Wilson postponed his trip to California, in my opinion, in order that he might have the last say. He did not want to go across the country while this Treaty was pending and then be found by men who might answer.

"He put out one excuse and then another so that he might delay, until such time as he knew that he would be unable to go. I am still anxious to make my trip."

Aug. 23, 1919: "My Dear Boys, The event of the week with us, of course, was the visit to the President and the subsequent developments. It was upon my suggestion that the Foreign Relations Committee ask the President for such knowledge as he was able to give us concerning the League and the Treaty. . . .

"In a foxy and cunning fashion worthy of a White House politi-



Guardian sketch—Gardiner (c)

cian seeking a petty advantage, the President read a speech to us which as his supporters here exaltingly said, gave him the first publicity and enabled him to put it over us. This was quite true.

"After he made his speech in a desultory fashion, he was questioned, the stenographers transcribing as we proceeded and handing the transcripts to the newspapermen waiting below. In the first place, legitimate cross-examination of the President could not be indulged.

"Our people yet have too much worship for power and are too cringing in the presence of royalty, for an instant to tolerate an adequate examination; and then, again, an obstacle quite as great is the fact that you cannot conduct any sort of examination with sixteen men, all of whom seek to be in evidence, and all of whom realize that their words are going out to the public almost as soon as uttered.

"I was fortunate in being able to ask, in practically continuous form, the few questions I desired to present, and in asking these questions I accomplished what I sought. Wilson asserted that he did not know of any of the secret treaties until he reached Paris; that he did not write the celebrated Fourteen Points in January, 1918, to supplant these secret treaties; that he deprecated the shame-tongued decision that had been against it; and he declined to give the documents which would afford us some real information.

"In my opinion, his memory played him false concerning the secret treaties. He didn't know them when we entered the war but he did know them when he made his speech of January, 1918, in which his famous Fourteen Points were stated.

"He stated these points for the very purpose of eliminating

## Johnson -- 'I'd rather end' my career than 'pussyfoot' to a second term

the secret treaties and in their stead substituting the War Aims of that message. I happen to know this to be a fact from one of those who assisted in the preparation of the Fourteen Points, Walter Lippmann of the New Republic, but Wilson denied it. . . .

"The President, during the day we were with him, bore himself, I think, with equanimity and courtesy and generally excellently. He was ready in the expression of his opinions. He exhibited no hesitation in saying what he thought of various matters.

"He refrained, of course, from giving any real information. . . . After the Presidential examination, we had lunch with him at the White House. I observed him very carefully during all of the time.

## WW's uncanny looks

"I rather think he was interested in me, too. He is alert, fairly quick-thinking with a mind that does not and cannot grasp detail. He is an uncanny thing to look at.

"When he turned, as he did when I began my few questions, he was quite tense and his whole expression, although not so intended, was quite wicked. His face in repose is hard, cold and cruel. When he smiles, he smiles like certain animals curling his upper lip and wrinkling his nose.

His is not the infectious laugh of the red-blooded individual. His ponderous lower jaw gives a very strange appearance to his ordinary talking, and his brow, which is like the receding brow of a vicious horse, has in connection with the lower part of his face a singular sort of fascination.

"As one watches his profile, it is not of the intellectual man you think, but of some mysterious ill-defined monster; and yet he was very courteous and very pleasant and I think extremely forbearing during the day. . . . The President, in my opinion, has gained by the week and the Senators have lost. This, however, does not, I think, apply to votes in the Senate, and I believe we will be able to muster quite as many as heretofore.

"I have been quite delighted, too, to find the sentiment growing in favor of the rejection of the whole infamous treaty and

League. Instead of two votes as we started with, I think we can count now on 12 or 15 and I believe before we conclude we will be counting 25, and we need only for total rejection, 33. . . .

"From what is published in the newspapers here, he probably is not going to make the California trip at all."

## The trip west

Aug. 31, 1919: "My Dear Boys, The event of the week is the decision of the President to make his swing to the Coast in behalf of the League of Nations. He backed and filled on this until he thought so much time had elapsed that he would have the field to himself.

"He will endeavor to tell the great injury the country is suffering from the failure to ratify the treaty and how the high cost of living is caused by our action in not forming the League, and in delaying adoption of the treaty exactly as presented. There never was a more specious or false plea made, but I presume like 'keeping us out of war' and the world vision of the League, he will put it over with the good church people of the land.

"Tomorrow it will be determined whether I follow him. There are various opinions on the subject. Men who do not like me and the various candidates for President think it would be a great mistake. Some, damned few, who are disinterested, believe the people would resent any Senator trailing the President.

"Others, like Borah, insist that our side should be put before the people exactly in the same fashion as the President's side and that he should be answered by some representative of the Senate. . . .

"Wilson has cleverly chosen the Western States as the theatre of his activities because, in them, he knows is his greatest strength and the most unreasoning allegiance to his League. I do not know why those states, however, should not respond just as New England did to pure Americanism.

At any rate, with my attitude as it is, with my determination to fight it out on the line I have chosen, I can do myself no harm in preaching my faith any place in the country. . . . What a

—Continued on Page 13

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# OVERFLOW HOUSE IS A REMINDER . . .

By Donald Murchie

Traditionalists imbibing Dvorak and Sibelius at the San Francisco Opera House may be disturbed to learn that the recent Musica Viva series drew a sizable audience — not only into the upper lofts of that hall, which is to be expected of an avant-garde event, but, significantly, to the main floor. This fact, hopefully, will again remind the San Francisco symphony director, Josef Krips, that there are quite a few devotees of contemporary music in the Bay Area.

The symphony this season did schedule four local premieres and a 20th-century work on most programs, but why doesn't it schedule a modern work at every symphony season concert and draw from the repertoire of the avant-garde?

AT LEAST three or four Bay Area composers should be represented each season. The region abounds with musical talent—mostly associated with the University of California and state colleges—and many composers, while adventurous, still write in an idiom acceptable to the lay ear. Among them: Andrew Imbrie, Kirk Mechem, Richard Felciano and Darius Milhaud.

This year's Musica Viva series, again co-ordinated by Aaron Copland, was successful for several reasons. First, it introduced Karlheinz Stockhausen as a gifted personality, composer, and lecturer. It was an international festival and bristled with provocative works from Germany, Italy, Japan, France, Poland and the U.S. It provided a set of comprehensive and unusually perceptive program notes, prepared by Jonathan D. Kramer. With one or two exceptions, its performances were outstanding.

THE MOST effective live

pieces were Jean-Claude Eloy's "Equivalences," Aaron Copland's reflective Piano Quartet (composed in 1950) and Toru Takemitsu's "The Dorian Horizon." Eloy's work, a refreshing study in visual and aural symmetry (six percussionists form a protective half-circle around a nucleus of winds; each choir ends the piece with musical effects the other started with) will be remembered for a wide range of timbres and dynamics and a nimble reading by the San Francisco Symphony Chamber orchestra.

## MUSIC

The salient feature of "The Dorian Horizon," composed for small string orchestra, is simply the sonority of the instruments. Takemitsu exploits non-vibrato and different degrees of pizzicato in a low dynamic range. The piece is not subtle: its hazy quarter-tones and meter-less slides (suggesting ancient Japanese court music) soon give way to a thickening mesh of glissandi and Milhaud-like harmonies.

THE AURA of Stockhausen — whether as an egocentric humbug, or as the true Messiah of modern music — too often detracts from his achievements. He is in fact the master of the electric medium and his role in the development of time-space will continue to influence the evolution of late 20th-century acoustical art.

Those who missed his "Tele-musik" of "Mikrofonie I" (performed in the opening Musica Viva concert) or left the hall with qualms should attend the all-Stockhausen program at the San Francisco Museum of Art on Feb. 24.

He will direct the program.

# You can rely on Right Burke for a good . . . . interview

By Jess Brownell

Well, there I was, just a poor, insignificant little magazine writer, sitting in this fashionable, this "in," West End bar with Right Burke, the latest in that lengthening line of brilliant, iconoclastic young Englishmen who are building a new empire in the world of show business. Like his predecessors, he is tall and very handsome and articulate and possessed of that special, lower-class, barrier-breaking virility that's knocking over women from New York to Hanoi. Like them also, he is nothing if not . . . direct.

"Sure," he was saying in that special voice they all have, all the rough edges deliberately left on, "sure, I've got it made now. But it wasn't always like this. I'm no overnight sensation, and I hope you don't call me one in that silly magazine article you're writing."

I assured him I wouldn't, and he smiled knowingly. Years of experience had taught him a thing or two about interviewers. "Don't give me that ----." He leaned back and his eyes roved the room and there was that electric moment when the women sensed his presence and their necks began craning. He acknowledged this tribute with a droop of his heavy eyelids. "Not a bad-looking bunch."

I HAD HEARD of his amatory

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This is the address and phone number of The Guardian's new editorial offices in San Francisco.

"Change? Well, as I see it, I was rich from the day I was born . . . I just didn't have the money. But now— And we are walking through the lobby, past a glassy showcase of watches—I could order every one of those and not think twice about it. But still they come up to me, these characters, and I can see them thinking, Here's a right burke, and right away they start talking about four notches below their intelligence, and about eight below mine. . . ."

From Michael Caine, Son of Ipcress," by Anthony Haden-Guest.

Los Angeles Magazine, December, 1966

"Caine, himself, is getting pretty fed up with all the emphasis on the cockney bit . . . but he is going to be a lot more fed up before the brouhaha dies down. 'They always want to interview my mother because she was a charlady for twenty years, and they say, 'Oh, those cockney people, they're lovely,' and they start talking about eight notches below my intelligence and four below theirs. . . ."

From "The Caine File," by Helen Lawrence.

Esquire, December, 1966

exploits and made a discreet inquiry.

"That's all ----," he said. "Sure, I like women. What red-blooded, lower-class, non-fag, rich young Englishman doesn't? But that's no reason to spread all those ---- stories about me."

What I had heard about his independence was certainly true. I took another tack. "You must have had it pretty ---- rough in the early days."

He glared at me. "What kind of talk is that? '---- rough.' You trying to bring yourself down to my level, is that it? Well, don't bother, baby. I'm probably twice as ---- smart as you are." He pushed back his chair and started to rise.

I apologized profusely for my slip, and reluctantly he sat down again. "Okay, but watch it from now on. If there's anything I hate, it's some bloke who comes on about twelve miles below my intelligence and six miles below his own."

SOMETHING clicked in my mind. "That phrase, there's something familiar about it. Is it from one of your . . . ?"

"One of my interviews? ---- right, it's from one of my interviews. As a matter of fact, I said it to an American woman just the other day. And before that to an English journalist who came around. And before that to a couple of Germans and a Swiss, except with them I used kilometers. So what? Why should I say something new to you?"

No reason at all, I agreed hurriedly, no reason at all. He had me flustered, and like a fool I rushed on. "Uh, I hate to admit it, but I'm afraid I have yet to see any of your films."

"Films?" he said dangerously. "I haven't been in any films."

NOT FILMS. I flipped through the biographical data I had. "I mean television films, of course," I said lamely.

"I've never been on television, either," he said, and now the voice was really lower-class.

"The theater, I mean," I said hoarsely. "Legitimate theater. Acting, and all."

"You ----," he spit at me. "Just who do you think I am?"

"You're Right Burke," I babbled, "the latest in that lengthening line of brilliant, iconoclastic young Englishmen who are building a new empire in the world of show business."

He nodded. "That's better. Now you've caught on. I'm Right Burke, and I'm the best ---- interviewee in the business. The tops, and I made it from the bottom," he said with a sneer. "Why, I was giving interviews in the provinces when you were still too scared to ask a policeman directions. And now I'm on top, and no ---- little punk like you is going to push me around." I saw his right hand slide into his pocket, heard below the table the ominous snick of a blade flipping open. Then he chanced to look at the dazzling, expensively showy watch on his left wrist. "Oh, oh," he said pleasantly. "Time's up. Sorry, but the interview's over."

I ROSE SLOWLY, slapping the dust from my trousers with as much insouciance as I could muster. "Oh, that's a shame, it really is. But I have to be getting along, anyway. Deadlines, you know."

"Just a minute," and that crackling voice stopped me in my tracks. "I'll have to have a copy of your notes, you know."

"My notes?"

"---- right, your notes. I've got another interview in ten minutes. You don't think I'm going to let you get away with something good, do you?" Those bright, tough eyes narrowed. "I hope you don't mind."

"Mind?" I said, standing on one leg and using my knee as a desk as I scribbled furiously. "Why should I mind?"

He lit an American filter cigarette and watched me with amusement, ignoring the glances trained on us from all over the room. There was about him the unmistakable air of a man who has . . . arrived. A man who give a good ---- interview.

# Patriotism 'under compulsion'

strange effect the wars had.

"Instead of arousing our patriotism and making us stand straighter for Americanism, it has apparently deprived us of the little country we boasted so much about during the actual hostilities. Long ago I wrote you the reason.

## Natural pacifists

"We, as a Nation, are natural pacifists, and we were patriotic only during compulsion and from fear. However, it's a great fight and I'd rather end my political career doing as I am than in pussy footing to a victorious second or third term as senator."

Nov. 8, 1919: "My Dear Boys, We are almost to the end of the game here. Before another week, in my opinion, we will be through. The test vote yesterday on reservations, as you have seen, was 48-40, and many of the reservations will go through with substantially this vote.

Nov. 14, 1919: "My Dear Boys, The League of Nations fight is practically over. Last night the reservation to Article 10 was announced.

"This is the reservation that President Wilson said would 'Cut the heart out of the Treaty,' and which, the Democrats have asserted, would

be accepted by them as a rejection of the Treaty. The disingenuousness of the discussion will be held in spite of the acceptance of this reservation and the ratification of the Treaty just the same as if it were not adopted."

## Remarkable ending

Nov. 21, 1919: "My Dear Boys, We came to a sudden ending night before last on the Treaty fight and it was a very strange and remarkable ending, too.

"Until the very last moment, it was thought that the Treaty would be ratified with reservations substantially as they have been written, the difference being in phraseology, to enable both sides to assert a compromise had been effected.

"Those of us who have been called 'the irreconcilables' are not only delighted with the result, but we are laughing uproariously at the plight of the so-called mild reservationists. They and the Democrats were most anxious to ratify the Treaty and adopt the League; neither from principle at all.

"Each side thought the other would yield, and each side up to the last moment maintained its position, therefore, in full certainty of the other's surrender. Finally they were so deep in the mire they could not extricate themselves.

"The sorest and sourest men

yesterday were these mild reservationists and the leaders on the Democratic side. Everything was in their grasp with votes enough to control the situation and a petty pride of opinion on immaterial matters led them to do what we could not accomplish.

"The victory, however, I think is a temporary one. The Treaty will probably be handed to us again in December and I look for an agreement between the two pussy-footing factions. There was a time when twenty-eight men on the Republican side agreed to vote against the Treaty. Upon roll call, thirteen of them kept faith and one other, Fall, would have, but was absent.

"I have heard Harding, for instance, one hundred times say he would vote against the whole Treaty, but contemplating his political future, and weighing the advantage and disadvantage to himself from his vote, he finally voted in such fashion that he could claim it in any way which the exigencies of the future require. The last day was exciting but not particularly interesting. Its one event was Borah's oration. He excelled himself and made the one great speech, in my opinion, of the whole fight." NEXT: JOHNSON ON HOOVER.

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## Scramble—the Guardian word game

See how many words of four letters or more you can make from the letters in the circle. Each word **MUST** contain the letter in the center of the circle and each letter must be used only once. Your list should contain at least one ten-letter word. You cannot use plurals, foreign words and proper names.

Twenty-two words are good, 26 very good and 30 excellent. Solution in next issue of The Guardian.

Last issue's solution: kale, lake, lark, larky, leak, leaky, lukewarm, LUKEWARMLY,



lurk, make, maker, mark, murk, murky, rake, wake, walk, walker, weak, weakly, wreak.



# ACT: A beautiful, but flawed gem

Continued from Page 11—  
ate condemnation of the idea that service is virtuous.

"Christ could have managed better" than to be crucified, he told a preview audience. So Ball will add lines (e.g. "a martyr, a hero, a fool," as commentary on Julian) and change characterization (the uncertain Cardinal of the original becomes a rapacious degenerate, the ambivalent Butler an aggressive homosexual).

My point is not that Ball exceeds a director's prerogatives. He in fact restores much that was cut by the New York production; some additions, notably the use of "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" as background music, or the use of the phrenological head and Alice mask in the last scene, are brilliant touches.

But his "Tiny Alice," although visually and emotionally compelling, is intellectually sterile and

considerably more obscure than the play as written. This, for a play Ball believes is "perhaps the greatest of the last decade," is a serious fault indeed.

DESPITE these faults in interpretation, I must praise Ball's cast for giving sparkling performances in many scenes that blend wonderfully, one with another, while remaining individually superb. ACT's lighting designers have an uncanny ability to highlight perfectly the actors' movements even as the lights create stirring effects through shadow and contrasting color.

Its set designers establish just the right balance between objects shown on stage and objects or distances merely suggested. In short: ACT is a fine, dramatic organization and its stagecraft is

professional in the best sense of the word.

BUT THE function of a jewel is to enhance the body it adorns. Gems polished for their own sake show decadence, not art, and ACT's brilliance far too often shines independently of the play it ought to illuminate.

ACT, after all, is human and its value is, not its wish to make us believe its inflated advertising, but to awaken our sense of occasion in the theater and a conviction that plays can be exciting and important. ACT in its way is as good as the San Francisco Opera and Symphony and ought to be supported for the same reason: it expands the Bay area's cultural horizons even as it makes us aware of the distance we must go before we can judge—and demand—theatrical excellence and eminence.



Charles Denton

Advertisement

S.F. Examiner

## The Martini Capital

San Francisco, as is often noted, has a saloon for everybody. Not quite literally, of course. The Yellow Pages of our best-selling phone book list only about 900, which boils down to a mere one per slightly more than every 800 residents—men, women and children.

Thus the observation refers not so much to the quantity of saloons as to the availability of a grog shop somewhere in S. F., suited to almost every individual's personal preferences.

And many of them are quite famous for their special attractions, which usually have little or nothing to do with drinking. The Top of the Mark, for example, is famed for its breathtaking view, the Buena Vista for its Irish Coffee and culturally stimulating patrons, Reno's as a gathering place for the sporting gentry, O'Doul's for Lefty O'Doul, and so on.

But to the dedicated drinking class, none is more renowned for its specialty than Breen's.

AS ITS LOCATION on Three Street just below Market in the heart of the bibulous belt would suggest, Breen's is a saloon in the oldest and best meaning of the word—a seedily genteel barn of a place with yellowing sports photos on the wall, chandeliers seasoned by decades of exhaled tobacco tars and a richly stained, ornate bar of such dimensions that it should appear on road maps.

Its atmosphere and bums-to-bankers clientele clearly mark it as a place where drinking is not merely a lubricant for the conversational apparatus or a catalyst for the dating game, but a serious business, studiously pursued.

But what has enshrined Breen's in the hearts of devoted toppers is its martini, for it is at Breen's that the mar-

tini has been democratized from uplifted pinky exclusivity to two-listed proletarianism, from management to labor.

This was accomplished via a steadfastly maintained four-bit price line on a gargantuan hooker of gin and a spinster's kiss of vermouth, stirred gently to avoid bruising either the spirit of the booze or the feelings of the consumer and served in a flagon of such generous proportions that the tip of the toothpick on which the olive is impaled doesn't surface until after two sturdy slurps.

In terms of potency, the Breen martini, or Breen-Ball as it is often called, compares to the commonplace version in its shallow birdbath saucer much as static electricity sparks from a comb compare with sticking one's tongue in a light socket, or being struck by a falling snowflake compares with being trapped in an avalanche.

WITH THE RESULT that among martini aficionados—than which there are no more affectionate drinkers—Breen's is the Super Bowl of tipping.

Indeed, no martini fancier can rightfully consider himself a major leaguer until he's tested his endurance at Breen's. And stories of those who have tried and failed are endless, especially when told by their wives.

Young Montgomery Streeters, emboldened by having mastered the three-martini lunch elsewhere, have been known to leave Breen's after one shouting Socialist slogan. A Hollywood executive of my acquaintance, naively proud of having bent elbows with some of the movie colony's most renowned luses, retired in such disarray after three Breen-Balls that he left behind his attache case containing a \$5000 certified check, which was mercifully returned to him when he regained his composure.

Truly, it's a place that will linger long in memory. Even if you forget where it was.

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# WHAT'S HAPPENING

By Creighton H. Churchill

## Hippy watching

Hippy watching, a Berkeley sport, formally arrived in San Francisco when Pat Montandan made a well photographed tour of the Haight-Ashbury. For those who want to follow her perfumed trail, the best vantage points are THE PSYCHEDELIC SHOP, 1535 Haight, San Francisco; THE STORE, on "the block," Telegraph and Haste, Berkeley; THE STEPPENWOLF, a wine, beer and light show-club, 2136 San Pablo Avenue, Berkeley, and the FILLMORE and AVALON Ballroom dances any weekend in San Francisco.

## 'Economic Power'

Economic power is the unlikely slogan catching on in the Bay Area underground. In both Haight-Ashbury and the Haste-Telegraph "block," new boutiques have opened in the past two years. Emphasis is on books, acid-rock clothes and crafts. The last category includes leather-workers, silversmiths, jewelry, printmakers and framers and a psychedelic stained-glass crafter. All worth visiting of a weekend.

## Take a walk on 'Boardwalk'

In Oakland, the most interesting enclave is the BRET HARTE BOARDWALK, 567 to 581 - 5th Street near Jack London Square. A row of old Victorian houses converted into a series of shops by Jan and Paul Mills, Boardwalk merchandise ranges from art and antiques through clothes to a gift hunter's dream called ROARING CAMP MERCANTILE. COLONEL STARBOTTLE'S, a bar and bruncherie, on the Boardwalk, has a splendid atmosphere created by dark wood and piles of memorabilia of Bret Harte, the early California writer. Starbottle was a Harte character. The bar is so cozy that it has, according to Bill the bartender, "the only hunchbacked mice in town."

## Restaurants in Berkeley

Berkeley is a land of good restaurants, and, contrary to popular opinion, you can drink the water. You must be wary, though, about the sugar lumps that wind up in the after dinner coffee.

The VIN ET FROMAGE, 1556 Solano (just over the border in Albany), features food and live chamber music. Both are excellent. Space is limited, so phone ahead for the evening program and reservations. Orchestra members come from Bay area symphonies and the Cal music department. The BLACK SHEEP, an old Berkeley institution just across from campus on Bancroft Way (2550), has recently been taken over by Hank Rubin, owner of the gourmet POT LUCK restaurant on San Pablo ave.

Gone is the little-old-ladies-tea-room-and-WCTU-hall atmosphere with the quaint bubbled rubber tile floor; complete revamping of decor and menu has made the Sheep an excellent, yet very-graduate-student-priced place to dine. The wine card is unusually good.

## Jazz swings on

Jazz still lives? Indeed. Despite the ubiquity of folk/acid/rock, the music underground swings on, blowing modern jazz in San Francisco clubs like HAIGHT LEVELS, 1458 Haight, the BOTH/AND, 350 Divisadero, and North Beach clubs like the JAZZ WORKSHOP and EL MATADOR. In Berkeley, a surprising place to find jazz is at the JABBERWOCK, a restaurant, coffeehouse and beer-wine cabaret at 2901 Telegraph Ave. The show changes every few days, so phone for reservations and information.

## Legitimate theater

From an actor's nightmare ("If you think this audience is bad, wait until you've played Oakland"), the Bay Area has become a homeland for several excellent theater groups. The best and most publicized is the AMERICAN CONSERVATORY THEATRE (ACT), followed by the OAKLAND NATIONAL REPERTORY THEATRE. ACT presents "Dear Liar" on Feb. 11; "Tartuffe" on Feb. 12 and 19; "Tiny Alice" on Feb. 11, 16 and 17; "The Torchbearers" on Feb. 14, 15 and 18; "Beyond the Fringe," Feb. 11, 16 and 17, and "Endgame," Feb. 14, 15 and 18. (Curtain time is 8:30, box office number is 673-6440 at the Geary theater.)

The Oakland Theater presents "The Importance of Being Earnest" in the Oakland Auditorium theater nightly through Sunday. Silvia Sidney stars. Call 452-0518.

## Underground films

Films for those who feel that Doris Day is really Woody Allen in drag can be found at midnight Saturdays at the PRESIDIO THEATER, Chestnut near Scott, in San Francisco. Memberships to the "Underground Cinema 12," a legal necessity in view of the erotic type of films shown, can be purchased at the door. Another interesting society, THE LYRIC PHOTO PLAY THEATER ASSOCIATION, presents silents and early "camp" talkies along with pipe organ music at the AVENUE THEATER, 2650 San Bruno, San Francisco. Call 584-2636 for information and a recorded "drama" that alone is worth the call. The CANYON CINEMA ASSOC. presents the works of local underground film makers weekends at the INTERSECTION, 150 Ellis, at 8:30 p.m. and sometimes otherwise.

## 'Grooving Out'

For live instead of filmed flights of fancy, the Bay Area is lush with chances to partake. On Friday, you can attend a SEXUAL FREEDOM LEAGUE OF SAN FRANCISCO FORUM on sensual awareness featuring Maxine Sanini, a noted authority. Stay at home types can groove out by renting STROBOSCOPES from Rick Meyer, 841-5594, or from H.I.P. JOB CO-OP, 1542 Haight St., 621-0941.

For drinkers, the Potted Parrot at SENOR PICO'S in Ghiradelli Square and the Deep Blue Sea at the BUENA VISTA are two pleasant ways to go. If you missed the Hell's Angels dance at California Hall Friday past, another is soon upcoming. To ease the suspense of waiting, you can inspect a Hell's Angel motorbike at the UFO GALLERY, 1608 Haight St., along with a novel and far out exhibition that features a life-size model of an exhibitionist exhibiting. If still unmoved, you can buy incense and burners at TWO STEPS UP, Haste near Telegraph in Berkeley, and run off to an AL HIRT concert with BRAZIL '64 on Saturday in the Oakland Coliseum.



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